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## Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

An Interesting Letter From  
Charles Howard About  
Seabiscuit's Get

RECENTLY in this department allusion was made to the marked success with which the 2-year-olds by Seabiscuit had been racing in California during the late fall.

It was remarked that few of his get thus far had appeared in public, as he had been covering but a very small number of mares since his retirement to the stud just after he made himself the world's champion money-winner in the spring of 1940.

It was also remarked that self-constituted "authorities" on breeding had been relegating him to oblivion as a sire because, according to them, he was a "chance horse", etc., etc. An opinion in which we very emphatically did not agree; for, from our standpoint, Seabiscuit is bred in lines which in effect guarantee his success as a sire, especially when taken in connection with his extraordinary class as a performer. We alluded to the brilliant showing of his get at Hollywood, therefore, not only pleasing but significant in the breeding sense.

In response to these observations, Mr. Charles S. Howard of San Francisco, owner of "The Biscuit", has

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## New Speed Marks Established At Tropical Park

Tropical Park's abbreviated winter meeting was the best in the organization's history from every standpoint. All previous records for average attendance and mutual turnover were shattered, three speed marks were hung out—one of 'em a world's record—and competition was the keenest ever witnessed on any race-track for such an extended period. Every purse event was fought for as spiritedly as a \$50,00 stake. Considering the fact that practically every field was a limit one of a dozen contestants, the sport was most formful.

An average daily turnout of 9,250 exceeded by far all previous figures in this respect for the Gables course. This also is true for the average turnover in the mutuels of \$645,765. However, it should not be forgotten that much of the latter increase was due to the extra race carded daily

Continued on Page Five

## Oregon Horsemen Form Association For Thoroughbreds

Non-Profit Organization To Promote Development Throughout State

By Pat White Palmer

On September 3, 1944, a group of horsemen from various parts of the State of Oregon met at Gresham, Oregon and organized a Thoroughbred breeders' association. An organization committee was appointed and the committee in turn prepared articles of incorporation which were filed with the Corporation Commissioner at Salem, Oregon on November 16, 1944. Therefore, the Oregon Thoroughbred Breeders' Ass'n., Inc. is an existing corporation under the laws of the State of Oregon.

The organization is wholly non-profit and its purposes and objects are explained briefly as being:

1. The development of Thoroughbred horses throughout the State of Oregon through—

A. Association of breeders and owners of Thoroughbred horses.

B. Encouragement of horsemen in the importation of outstanding Thoroughbred stallions and mares into Oregon for breeding purposes.

C. Promotion of futurity and other stake races for 2-year-old Oregon-bred Thoroughbreds and Oregon-bred races and steeplechase and jumping events for older horses through agreement and cooperation

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## Group Of Eastern Breeders Purchase Fasig-Tipton Firm

Sale Includes All Property Except Fifteen Acres On The Speedway

On January 4th a group of Eastern breeders purchased the Fasig-Tipton Company, which for close to fifty years, has been the leading Thoroughbred sales organization in this country. In closing the deal last Thursday, Major Kenneth Gilpin, who represented the breeders, stated: "No one can definitely say when the ban on racing will be lifted, but when that day comes about, and Saratoga once again assumes its important role in the operation of the sport, the Spa sales paddocks will be just as ready to resume operations as the Saratoga Association will be to move the sport back to the melowed old course which has been such a colorful bulwark."

The sale included the good will of the firm, the library and all the property at Saratoga Springs, New York, except about 15 acres on the Speedway. The Spa property consists of an office, sales arena, paddock and barns.

The new owners will continue to have the office of the company at 604 Fifth Avenue in New York City and will retain the name of Fastig-Tipton Company. The Board of Directors is made up of Kenneth Gilpin, president, W. H. LaBoyteaux, vice-president and John A. Morris of the

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## Racing Expected To Continue On Canadian Tracks

Western Horses May Not Be Allowed To Travel To Eastern Meetings

By Broadview

Every horseman's spirits has been somewhat dampened by the cessation of racing in the states. It definitely puts a crimp in things but I guess it is all for the best.

Here in Canada we have a somewhat different set-up and so far, it is believed we will be able to continue as four of the tracks in Ontario circuit are situated in the city of Toronto and two of these during the war have concentrated the transportation of patrons and horses even more by Thorncliffe holding their meeting at Woodbine Park and Longbranch at Dufferin Park, which are both situated in the city proper and are accessible by street car.

I cannot say what the situation will be in Western Canada and it may be quite possible that Western horses will not be allowed to travel to the East if the railways are too congested.

It is expected that horse shows around Toronto will be able to continue without any dependence on

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## Jockey Club Will Keep Functioning During Emergency

In its first issue (January 10) since the suspension of racing, The Racing Calendar, official publication of The Jockey Club, announced the continuance of its publication and of the functioning of The Jockey Club during the present emergency. After reprinting in full the request of War Mobilization Director James F. Byrnes, the Calendar said, "This request, of course, has been complied with" and added the following editorial comment:

"The functions of The Jockey Club and the publication of The Racing Calendar will continue. Formed at the instance of owners and breeders in 1894, The Jockey Club has long been recognized in the law of the state in conjunction with the State Racing Commission and, during the fifty odd years of its existence, be-

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## Philadelphia's Centennial Race Meeting

By Geo. W. Orton

Pennsylvania has had a no betting law for so many years that many of our modern horsemen will be surprised to know that prior to the ban on racing, Philadelphia had big meetings for many years. In fact, Philadelphia from 1825 on or it may be still earlier, was on the regular circuit of race tracks which extended from New Orleans to Boston. Races were held both spring and fall for many years, with but one stoppage namely during the War between the North and the South.

Philadelphia, in Centennial year, was the center of all kinds of sports with harness racing, running races and rowing holding the center of the stage. It will, thus, be interesting to review the running meeting held

during that year. It was one of the best held any place in this country and horses were on hand from even such a distance as Mobile, Alabama.

Let us first glance over the officials of the meeting. They had no Stewards at that time, the judges deciding all questions of racing that might come up. The judges were Colonel Snowden, S. W. Groome, Dr. Logan, A. D. Brown, O. Bowie and Fairman Rogers.

If I am not mistaken, Colonel Snowden is the same who with Converse, Kendrick, Strawbridge and Rosengarten played such good polo later on, meeting the best of the New York teams and giving them real competition. I watched with

Continued on Page Seventeen

# Hunting Notes:-



## A Legacy

By A. Henry Higginson

### CHAPTER SIX

Arriving at Paddington early, the travelers took a taxi and went directly to the famous hotel on Brook Street. The great lobby of Claridge's is a deserted place on a Sunday morning; the usual bustle and hurry of people passing to and fro across the lobby is absent. Most of them were still in their rooms; but the Head Porter, who has been there for many years, was at his desk and greeted Jack like an old friend.

"It's nice to see you again, Mr. Meredith, good morning, Madam," he added, bowing low to Alice. "It's a pleasure to see you here; I've known the Captain for a long time, Madam." The Manager came hurrying across the office.

"Good morning, Sir," he said. "Mr. Lincoln has arranged about your rooms, Sir. If you'll come with me, Sir." He led the way to the lift, and ascending to the third floor, they were ushered into charming rooms overlooking the mews which leads off Davies Street. In the little sitting-room the table was laid for two.

"Breakfast is ordered, Sir. Shall I tell the waiter to serve it at once?" Jack looked at Alice.

"In half an hour, please," she said. "I want to tidy up a bit first." The manager bowed himself out.

When they were alone she looked around the cozy little apartment, with the early morning sun streaming through the windows. There was a bowl of red roses on the table, and nearby a florist's box, addressed to Mrs. John Meredith. Inside were three gardenias, resting on their bed of cotton wool. There was no card. Alice gave a little cry of delight.

"I love gardenias," she said. "I can see Henry's hand in all this," Jack laughed.

"So can I, Alice. You know, I'm just a little bit jealous of that old admirer of yours. He was very much in love with you in the old days, wasn't he?"

"Yes, Dear, he was. But you needn't be jealous; that was over years ago. He's very much in love with another girl now—an actress in New York—I don't know her, but they tell me she's charming. They're not engaged yet, but I think it's pretty serious. He told me the other day that he wanted to get back to New York right after Peterborough. I think you'll find that he's sailing some time next week. It was pretty sweet of him to fix things up like this for us, wasn't it. But we must hurry and get ready for breakfast; I'm very hungry."

"All right," said Jack, "you go ahead; I'll go downstairs and get some papers, and see if I can find out

when we can get a train to Northesk. Maybe the boys are in the hotel. Henry may have made all those arrangements too. He seems to be a pretty good courier," he added, laughingly.

At breakfast, a little later, Meredith told his wife that both Lincoln and Chetland were in the hotel; though he hadn't seen them yet. "I thought we had better have breakfast peacefully first," he said, "and then I'll call them up and we can hold a council of war and make our plans. There's a good train to Northesk at half-past twelve, that will get us there in time for dinner, and the porter tells me that there is a compartment reserved for us. We can get lunch on the train and arrive there in plenty of time for dinner. I think perhaps we had better go straight to Northesk House; I dare say Dick has arranged everything."

After they had finished breakfast and the waiter had cleared the things away, Meredith called to his wife, who was packing up her belongings in the next room, and when she came in, he said,

"Alice, I'm going to tell you a story, which perhaps I ought to have told you before. You and I have known each other for a great many years, but really, you don't know much about me, or my past history. All you know is that I was an adventurer who came to America many years ago, and met you and fell in love with you and—rode away."

"I loved you all the more for that, Dear," she broke in. "I knew you had to go; it was better so; and, Jack—" she hesitated an instant—"I don't want to know anything more. It doesn't make any difference to me what happened after that. I only know I was so glad when I saw you in the field that day two months ago that nothing else mattered. And nothing matters now," she went on. "We're married; we're happy, and we're going to always be happy."

"Thank you, Alice, for saying that. The past DOESN'T matter in one sense, but I want you to know the whole story. No one knows it, except Dick—now; but I want YOU to know it."

"When I got back to England after I left you in Virginia, I found that Father's affairs were in a very bad way. I'm afraid he was a great gambler, and he had lost a tremendous amount of money on the race track, and also on the Stock Exchange. Uncle Herbert helped him out again and again, for the sake of my Mother, but after she died he would have no more to do with him, and the two men never spoke to one another—when they could avoid it.

When Father died, it was found that his estate was heavily mortgaged and, if it had not been for Uncle Herbert's generosity, I should have been left almost penniless. Father left nothing but debts; but when the farm in Virginia had been sold, and our home in the Midlands too, the executors were able to square up things and leave me enough to buy my little place in Mr. West's country and live modestly, as I am living now. I adored my Father and somehow—I don't know why—I felt that Uncle Herbert was the cause of all the trouble. When I found out that it was the other way round, and that it was Father who had been in the wrong, I felt so badly that I refused to see him, although he asked me to come and stay there, so that he could explain matters to me. As you know, I wrote and asked him to come to our wedding, and I think, if he had, everything would have been all right; for I told him, in that letter, that I knew I had been in the wrong and that I hoped he would forgive me. As you know, I never had an answer. It was the one cloud in the sky on our wedding day. And now he's dead."

"Poor old Jack," Alice said, "poor old boy; I know just how you feel. Are you sure he got your letter?"

"I mailed it myself," said Jack. "He must have got it—unless—" he added, "he was too ill to read it."

There came a knock on the door, and Dick Chetland entered, followed by Henry Lincoln.

"Well, newly-weds," Dick said, "how was the fishing in Wales? Catch anything?"

"Do be serious, Dick," Alice said. "Of course we caught something; we had lots of fun, didn't we, Jack? Henry," she added, turning to the American Mester, "I do think you are just about the sweetest person I've ever known. I loved the flowers. Tell me her address," she added teasingly, "and I'll write and tell her what I think of you. Can she ride?" They all laughed.

"As a matter of fact—yes," said Lincoln, "but I'll tell you all about that some other day. I think now we had better tell you and Jack just what plans we've made. Dick made most of them. You tell 'em, Dick."

"Well," said Chetland, "I got Sir Herbert's agent on the telephone last night and told him that I had been in communication with you, and that you were coming up today. He was very much relieved; he had been trying to get in touch with you and didn't know how to do it. It seems that Mr. Smithwick, the senior partner of the law firm which had charge of Sir Herbert's affairs, has made arrangements for the funeral to take

place on Monday—the Squire is to be buried up there, of course—and he suggested that you and Alice should go direct to Northesk House tonight and stay there. Lincoln and I have made arrangements to go to the Inn in the village. So, I rang up Northesk House; got the butler on the line, and told him to expect you this evening in time for dinner. Is that all right? The train leaves King's Cross at half-past twelve—as you know—and our seats are reserved."

"I don't see that anything could have been more perfect, Dick," said Meredith, "and I'm sure I'm greatly obliged to you and Henry for all you've done. I wish you were staying at Northesk House; but perhaps it's better as you've arranged it. I'm sure they'll make you comfortable at 'The Fox and Hounds'. It's a delightful Inn, and old Martin Crabtree has an excellent taste in port."

Alice was tired from her journey of the night before, and after luncheon her husband left her to take a nap in their compartment and joined his two friends who were smoking in the dining car.

"Tell me," he said, "what sort of a chap did the agent sound like? Did you get his name? He's a new man since my day; though of course I know old Smithwick well."

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**SEDGEFIELD HUNT**

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Sedgefield's first Holiday fixture was on Saturday, December 23, and the meet was at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Watkins of Sedgefield with about twenty members on hand. The cast was about a mile southwest of the Watkins home, and hounds gave tongue on the west side of the Old Gold Mine trail. This country is a little marshy, but the field plowed through and found hounds heading back to the trail which they had just left. A quick return to the Gold Mine road found hounds at a bother, and a few minutes' wait with hounds scurrying around, brought forth the information that rabbit hunters were off to the southeast and hounds were lifted across the county road over to the Wiley pastures.

The Wiley coverts were drawn without success, but there was indication that a fox had been in the territory, and hounds were recast on the south side of the county road running back of the Wiley property. It was not long before they had picked up the line and were in full cry. Because of planted fields, the hunt was unable to stay in behind the hounds, but waited on the county road. Shortly, a great commotion was heard among a flock of guineas feeding in a wooded area some 200 yards south of the road on which the field was waiting. Hounds were some distance away and could be heard only faintly. Someone remarked—half facetiously—that possibly the fox had disturbed the guineas, and they were somewhat surprised within a few minutes to see the fox trotting leisurely across the corner of the planted field, across the road, and disappear into the woods on the north side of the road. Hounds were running the line and were getting a little hotter all the while. As a matter of fact, they were getting a little too warm to suit Mr. Fox, and he headed straight for his sawdust pile den in the Wiley woods. The field rode hard up the road to the east and over a panel into the Wiley pastures, and then at full tilt to the covert which held the sawdust pile and the fox's den. He had made it safely, and hounds were intent on

trying to dig him out, but were called off and the hunting day was ended so far as hunting was concerned. It was really a gala day because the hunt had with it Major Nathan Ayers, President of the Sedgefield Horse Show, and a former Hunt Secretary. Everyone was delighted to see Nathan home and out again, and all were anxious to get over to the home of Mrs. J. H. Adams—Nathan's mother-in-law, where Mrs. Adams and Mr. and Mrs. Allen Watkins were giving a Hunt Breakfast in honor of Nathan and his popular wife, "Little Nell".

The Adams' home was resplendent with Christmas decorations, and there those riding found about forty other specially invited guests, and the Christmas Season was really inaugurated in grand style. Beside Major Ayers, it was great to again have Captain Ed Lucas, Jr.—now stationed at Langley Field—after a long stay as a fighter pilot in the Italian Area. Other visitors—not Hunt members—had been invited by Mrs. Adams and Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, and it was a great get-together. Conversation ran riot for some 45 minutes or so before Mrs. Adams announced that breakfast would be served in the Game Room. Incidentally, there had been quite an innovation in this breakfast meeting because as each group of guests entered the front door, they were greeted with the bright glare of a photographer's light and an invitation from Allen Watkins to "Hold hard!" As the guests stopped in amazement, a photographer's flash went off and their images had been recorded for future reference and pleasant Hunt memories.

The breakfast which we were just getting to before the remarks of the innovation of Mr. Watkins might be said to be "Out of this world"! At the foot of the stairs guests selected a plate which they promptly filled up with country ham, country sausage, grits, ham gravy, fried apples, and possibly something else that has been overlooked. Some sixty-odd were comfortably seated and were soon busily engaged in satisfying enormous appetites.

Elizabeth Watkins had taken on the responsibility of seeing that everyone had hot rolls every few minutes, and it certainly did keep her busy. Husband Allen, who is quite an expert amateur photogra-

pher, also stayed busy taking shots of every table. Profuse thanks were given to Mrs. Adams and Mr. and Mrs. Allen Watkins for such a marvelous breakfast, and Frank Curran suggested that the Hunt have all of its breakfasts in the same lovely home. Certainly, Mrs. Adams and the Watkinses were the most gracious of hosts. Quite a few stuck around for Gin Rummy and other games until the middle of the afternoon when all hurried home to get ready for Christmas Eve on the 'morrow.

One awoke on Tuesday, December 26, with the sound of drizzling rain in one's ears. However, this did not dampen the ardor of twelve or fourteen who were on hand at the stable at 9:30. In the absence of Joint-Master Phillips, Major Nathan Ayers was invited to ride up front by Joint-Master Rochelle and Hunt Secretary, Charles L. Kearns, was requested to act as Field Master.

The cast was at the west gate of the boren pastures on the north side of the High Point-Greensboro road. Hounds were no sooner cast than they picked up a line and the field was off to a hard ride along the Southern Railway tracks to the Groometown road and across the Groometown road into the Pomona Terra Cotta woods. In this heavily wooded area, it is impossible to always stay behind hounds, and there was a great deal of hard galloping around narrow trails and through some very rough territory where the gallop slowed down to a slow walk and a lot of brush in one's face. With the wind rising, it was rather difficult to hear hounds at times, Continued on Page Six

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# Editorials

## AN ATTACK ON RACING

When a man is down, keep helping him get farther down. That might well be what many are doing to racing now that a ban has been placed on racing until conditions are better.

Every family, business, etc., has its skeletons and racing is no exception. At the present time it is wide open to attacks from all angles. With so many writers paid by the column, it looks as though whenever they run out of copy, they turn the blast on racing. When it is published, it amounts to just so many words about a subject with which the writer is entirely unfamiliar.

While catching up on some reading the other day, "Horse Racing—a Wartime Scandal", (Condensed from Common Sense—Walter MacDonald), came to view in the October issue of The Reader's Digest. The third paragraph popped up like a sore thumb: "Enjoying their unexpected bonanza, the race-track interests have successfully fought off a proposed small federal tax on their easy money. They have a poor record in War Bond drives and war-relief contributions."

This was written before the present ban on racing but it brings up the question of what of over \$16,000,000 which the race tracks have contributed to war relief and charity? What of the War Bonds purchased from race track employees' salaries and the War Bonds purchased as admission to tracks on special days?

The article states the waste of manpower, gas, rubber, use of telephone and telegraph, etc., etc., etc., plainly indicating that the writer does not like racing. The dailies reporting the track news were put on the spot, but no mention was made of the many unnecessary magazines and papers which appear on every news stand and which could be dispensed with very easily. Every word puts racing on the wrong side of the fence with no hope of climbing over.

This is the country where one is supposed to be a free man. If a portion of these "free" men want racing, why must they always be fighting against one faction or another? Taking a swing at the tracks to get them closed not only affects the people responsible for conducting the races, but also the breeders, trainers, feed and grain stores, blacksmiths, harness companies, carpenters, farmers, and the list could continue indefinitely. These people have selected this work to make their livelihood and that is one of their privileges as an American citizen.

When a racing sportsman is asked about off track betting, he will be one of the first to admit that it is wrong and that it is one of the things to be eliminated in this country. That type of betting does not aid the Federal or State Governments. No taxes are derived from this source and if that could be removed, it would take away one of the principal black marks.

No one is more anxious to help win the war than the group of racing people, not so they can get back to all this "easy" money which captures the head lines today, but because most everyone has a direct connection with the war through some member of the family being in the armed forces. They would be the last ones to hinder the prog-

ress of the war. The small stable owners who now find themselves stranded would not want their cases referred to as a "hardship" when they think of the boys overseas fighting it out from fox hole to fox hole. Neither they nor the larger stables would want to think that because workers came to see their horses run, time had been lost at a plant which was supplying the necessary materials for the combat zones.

It would seem that racing has no excuses to make for its war time program. Mistakes have been made but they have also been made in other enterprises. Racing has contributed its fullest and stands ready to do what it can to help out in the present times.

To the critical writers, find out a little more about this sport before getting a lot of figures together to type. Find out what racing means to people, not the \$2.00 bettor, but the men at the breeding farms, training tracks, etc. No doubt a great surprise is in store when the thought and work is discovered which is necessary before even a lowly plater goes to the post.

## Letters to the Editor

### Can Anyone Beat It?

Dear Editor:

Conceding perhaps to the known aversion the feminine persuasion has to the subject of weight, we never prevailed upon our mare Princeta to step on a scale. The other day we did, and found, much to our surprise (if not hers) that she weighed 1540 pounds.

Out of sheer curiosity, is there anywhere in the country, to your knowledge, a Thoroughbred mare registered in the Jockey Club weighing, in normal cross country riding shape, over that? Could be she is as heavy as Thoroughbreds come. Her breeding is, incidentally, Peter Hastings—Princess Adelle.

Best regards—And I do hope both you and your very delightful paper may have a satisfying and enjoyable year.

Sincerely,

P. T. Cheff

### Racing In France

Dear Editor:

Sometime ago I wrote you a little about the stud farms of Normandy which I saw on the way through France.

Since then I have received a letter from my friend Pierre Champion whose address is, for those Americans who know him, Haras du Manoir de Chemoitou, Aleucon. He is the gentleman on whose stud farm our artillery was in position in August.

I quote part of his letter:

"I was very interested by the articles and pictures which you sent me (pictures of yearlings from a July Chronicle).

Racing recommenced in France on October 1st. Unhappily a regiment of American troops is installed at the Long Champ track, the most beautiful in the world, so that races cannot be run here, which is most regrettable. Our largest autumn stake, le Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe—1,200,000 francs to the winner—was run October 22nd. The winner was Ardan, by Pharis, son of the celebrated Pharos.

If you can come to Paris, you must meet my friend Pierre de Beneducci who has spent several years in the U. S. A. and is a racing enthusiast. October 22nd I went to the races with General Wayne Allen and the American actress Ninny Jordan.

My stallion Black Devil (1931) by Sir Gallahad—La Palina, by Ambassador, died in September of intestinal trouble. I have replaced him with Tifinar, bay, 1939, by

Abjer—Deasy, by Alcantara II. He was the top stayer in France in 1942. He was 2nd in the Grand Prix de Paris at 2 1-2 miles and won the French St. Leger at the same distance.

Abjer, a crack English 2-year-old, is by Asterus—Zariba, by Sardana-pale, by Saint Lucre (Star Shoot line)."

At present I am a little too occupied here to think much of racing in Paris but that can wait. I did see a picture in the Stars and Stripes of a day at the Auteuil track at Paris which showed a huge crowd liberally sprinkled with GI's.

Capt. R. E. L. Wilson III  
Somewhere in Germany.

### Hunting-Note Hunting

Dear Harpers:

Just a line to let you know that things are still just the same as ever with me. I'm still here at Craig Field and although I had a slightly different job for about four months, I am now back in the old one which unfortunately takes a great deal more work and concentration.

I have been reading the accounts of the day's hunting with Orange County in The Chronicle and I wish that you would tell whoever is writing them that the one bright feature of every Monday morning is the arrival of The Chronicle and that particular article to read. I imagine it is Jane McIlvaine writing them. Anyway, I close my office door and tell my secretary that I am not to be disturbed until I open the door again. I wish that I could stop off for a day's hunting if I get any leave but I'm afraid I wouldn't really enjoy it were I to do so. I am very soft and know that if hounds were to get going that I couldn't last more than 20 minutes or half an hour. Even Meadow Brook had me completely exhausted last fall, so I don't see any use in trying it with you.

I rode a few times when I was home last summer but it has really been three years since I rode to amount to anything. I certainly miss it these nice cool mornings when I'm walking to work about 6:30 or 7. Just grand hunting days, one right after another.

I hope the fall I read about didn't hurt you (Fletcher) and that all goes well. Give my best to Leach, Douglas and Tom, as well as all the various members of the field.

Affectionately,

Bubby

(The above letter was written to Fletcher Harper, M. F. H., Orange County Hunt Club, and Mrs. Harper by Lt. C. N. Bliss, Jr., now stationed at Craig Field, Selma, Alabama).

## New England Horsemen To Hold Banquet And Dance In Springfield

At the close of the 1943 horse show season the Hartford Horse Show Association initiated the idea of presenting New England championships to those winning the most points in any given division at an AHSA recognized horse show during the season. The banquet and presentation of awards took place in Hartford.

This year a representative group of horse people, meeting in Providence, Rhode Island, selected Springfield as a central location for a New England Horsemen's dinner and dance. This same group felt that such championships should be sponsored by an organization representative of the New England states, rather than by one individual horse show. David W. Roberts, originator of the popular New England championships, readily agreed that the formation of a New England Horsemen's Council, favored by many horsemen, would be a wise move, both for the administration of such championship awards and for wise adjustment of dates over the area, a geographical horse center of itself.

The banquet will be held at the Hotel Kimball, Springfield, Massachusetts on January 27, and reservations for tickets and hotel rooms must be in early before January 15. Contact Miss Marilyn Carlson, secretary, 24 Nelson Place, West Springfield, Massachusetts.

Everything possible is being done to make this affair outstanding for horse people. The Kimball has promised special attention for guests at this affair, but requests that reservations from those intending to stay over night be made two weeks in advance to secure the best rooms. Week-end pressure at the hotel is heavy, and although one may safely make reservations up until a week before the banquet, the best rooms will go to early comers.

This is a grand chance for a real get together of all horse lovers, whether interested in equitation; hunters; jumpers; Morgans; ponies; harness; race horses; saddle horses (pleasure, three and five gaited or trail); and stock horses to discuss urgent problems facing the owners this winter.

By January 1st over 50 definite tickets have been sold and approximately 300 are expected to attend.

### Administer Helpful Fund

Administering Hialeah Race Course's Horsemen's Helpful Fund in the present emergency are Secretary-Treasurer Sam H. McCormick and Racing Secretary Charles J. McLennan of the track, John Partridge representing the owners, and Jim Fitz Simmons, dean of American trainers.

## Tropical Park

Continued from Page One

for the benefit of needy horsemen. The handle on these events totalled \$561,892.

War Bond sales which entitled the purchaser to free admission ran higher than the anticipations of the Dade County War Finance Committee. Certificates totalling \$33,000 were bought by racing patrons.

Nance's Ace wrote her name in flaming letters in racing's record books when she blazed over five and a half furlongs in 1:03 1-5 to clip one-fifth of a second from Iron Mask's long standing record for the distance. The American Teletimer next caught Spangled Game in 1:40 2-5 for the mile and seventy yards, in what might be called technically another world's record. This distance is used only in the United States and Canada, with the best previous figures of 1:40 3-5 being set by three horses. A lesser record was the one for the mile and three sixteenths, new track figures for the route being hung out when Patron Saint raced the distance in 1:58.

It is impossible to pick out any horse as "the meeting's best". He Rolls may have been entitled to that distinction, for he forced Spangled Game to hang out his record to beat him by inches and then came right back to win a division of the New Year's Handicap. This was another game and courageous performance.

Ted Atkinson and Budd Mills starred in the saddle, though Yocum was going great guns until he had a fall which laid him up for the last five days of the meeting. The riding colony was especially strong, it being questionable if a better group of pigskin artists ever assembled at a winter racing grounds.

The Greentree Stable of John Hay Whitney and his sister, Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, got away to a fine start when Dustman annexed one division of the \$7,500 Inaugural Handicap, dominated the winning owners' list from that day. The earnings of the home-bred gelding and the filly Outlandish enabled the establishment to top all rivals with gleanings of \$6,775.

The Edgehill Stable, a triple Wilmington, Delaware partnership, gathered \$5,262.50 to be second on the list. This was due entirely to He Rolls.

H. B. Goff's home-bred Skytracer, in taking the second half of the New Year's Handicap, made that sportsman third high on the owners' list with a total of \$4,212.50. He was followed closely by Mrs. E. D. Jacobs with earnings of \$4,000.

Hirsch Jacobs, America's leading race-winning trainer for slightly more than a decade, topped his rivals in that profession at Tropical Park with half a dozen winners. He saddled four of 'em for his wife and a pair for I. Bleber. This was double the number sent forth by "Happy" Buxton and R. B. Archer, who were closest to him at the finish.

A whirlwind rush by Ted Atkinson on the closing day, when he scored a triple, gave him a total of 10 winners for the meeting and an advantage of one over apprentice Budd Mills. They held a decisive margin over the other jockeys. The last named boy topped the riders during Florida's short winter season with a total of 31 winners.

Sterling Young, president of the Jockeys' Guild, also was in good form at Tropical Park, scoring with half a dozen of his mounts, while "Baby-Face" Nichols, also showed advantageously in winning five races. Eddie Arcaro, off flying on the opening day, with a double to his credit, was unable to enter the winner's circle thereafter.

Owners, trainers, jockeys and all immediately connected with the racing declare that the Gables meeting will go down in history as one of the greatest in which they ever participated. All of which was a considerable break in their favor, with an indefinite period of inactivity ahead. The only ray of sunshine since the final was the modification of the shipping edict, which now permits transportation of horses to Mexico City.

## The Sporting Calendar

### Horse Shows

JANUARY

18-19-20—Pittsburgh Indoor Horse Show, Hunt Armory, Kittanning Road, Pittsburgh, Pa.

### Hunter Trials

JANUARY

14—Barbara Worth Stables Hunter Trials, Second of series of four. Sacramento, Calif.

MARCH

11—Barbara Worth Stables Hunter Trials, Third of a series of four. Sacramento, Calif.

MAY

6—Barbara Worth Stables Hunter Trials, Fourth of series of four. Sacramento, Calif.

## Hosiery Repairing Glove Repairing Glove Cleaning Re-weaving In-weaving

Southern Stelos Co.  
618-12th St., N. W.  
Washington, D. C.

## NORTH WALES STUD



Warrenton

Virginia

### \*BAHRAM

Fee \$2,500, No Return  
(Book Full)

Br., 1932, by Blandford—Friar's Daughter, by Friar Marcus.

Unbeaten as a racehorse. Winner of the 2000 Guineas, Derby, St. Leger, etc. Six of \*Bahram's first crop of eight foals were winners, including 5 stakes winners. Bura, a stakes winner, was from his second crop winners. His third crop produced eleven winners, including five stakes winners. From his fourth crop came the stakes winners Extravagance and Persion Gulf.

### \*CHRYSLER II

Fee \$350, With Return

Br., 1931, by \*Teddy—Quick Change, by Hurry On

Stakes winner in both England and France, winner of Salisbury Cup, Alexandria Handicap, Babraham Stakes, Durham Handicap, etc. \*Chrysler II's first American crop raced as 2-year-olds this year and include the winners Ellis and East.

### HEAD PLAY

Fee, \$350, With Return

Ch., 1930, by My Play—Red Head, by King Gorin

Winner of Preakness, Suburban Handicap, etc., and \$109,313 in stakes. Sire of 62 winning sons and daughters of 250 races, including the stakes winner Tola Rose (which set a new track record of 1:56 4/5 in beating Whirlaway, Swing and Sway, etc.). Through September 30, 1944, Head Play sired 38 winners of 86 races and approximately \$84,790.00 including 6 2-year-old winners of 17 races and approximately \$19,460.00.

### \*HYPERIONION

Fee \$350, With Return

Ch., 1940, by Hyperion—\*Penicuik II, by Buchan

Full brother to Pensive, winner of Kentucky Derby, Preakness, etc., and \$167,715 in stakes. \*Hyperionion won at 2, also finished second in Saratoga Sales Stakes and third in Grand Union Hotel Stakes. He won at 4 and was unplaced only once at 3. His sire, Hyperion, led the English sire list 1940-41-42 and ranks high again this year. \*Hyperionion presents an excellent outcross for mares of American bloodlines.

### RAMILLIES

Fee \$350, With Return

B., 1939, by \*Blenheim II—Risky, by Diadumenos

Ramillies was a first-class race horse. At 2 he finished second to Devil Diver in the Sanford Stakes and fourth to Some Chance in the Futurity. He possessed both speed and stamina. At 5 he won at all distances up to 1 1/4 miles; finished second to \*Princequillo in the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, 1 3/16 miles, and fourth to First Fiddle in the Massachusetts Handicap.

All mares must be accompanied by a veterinarian's certificate showing freedom from contagious diseases, and all barren and maiden mares showing that they are free from infection and sound for breeding purposes.

Return is for one year providing mare proves barren  
Return to be claimed by December 1, 1945

*Hardi*

HABIT-MAKER

SPECIAL For the Autumn Season, Jodhpurs or Riding Breeches of fine tan or brown Cavalry Twill, or Whipcord, custom made or immediate wear, \$65. ATTENTION HUNTSMEN: We still have a stock of imported materials for pink hunting coats and white cavalry twill breeches.

Write for sample and measurement blank  
604 Fifth Avenue New York 20, N. Y.



# Sedgefield

Continued from Page Three

and while waiting to discover just where hounds were, a fox crossed the field just in front of the standing hunt and shortly behind him was one hound—Martha. Huntsman Thomas began frantically calling and blowing his horn for the balance of the pack which was some distance behind. Evidently, two foxes were up, as the pack came out of the woods into the field with Rambler running another line and drawing the pack off to the left.

Part of the hounds responded to Huntsman Thomas' call, and the other portion was too intent on the line it was running. The result was a great deal of confusion and frantic riding through the woods in an effort to consolidate the pack. This was impossible, so Huntsman Thomas elected to follow the first fox back to the Boren pastures and 'hen on to the Adams' farm where Martha and a few hounds were waiting after their fox had gone to earth. Again it had been expected that the hounds would have a kill, but the pack has not been so successful this year in kills. At any rate, everyone had all the riding he wanted and was ready to wait until the next fixture which was on Thursday, the 28th.

On Thursday, December 28, about a dozen members were on hand at the stables at 2:30, and after drawing several coverts to the southwest of the stables hounds were lifted to the Wiley pastures. They were no sooner cast than they picked up a hot line, and hounds and hunt went full tilt through the Wiley pastures and out into the county road at the

back of the Wiley property. The hunt could not stay in behind hounds who cut straight to the south, but had to ride down the county road to the east and then turn at a sharp angle down the Jamestown road 'o the Covington property. Back of Covington's, this fox had outwitted the majority of the pack and outrun them, too. They were plainly at a loss. The fox and the lead hounds had turned back to the east, and the hunt scurried back to the county road and at a hard gallop north to the east-west road and to the east down this road to Vickery church where they came to the paved highway connecting High Point with the Groometown road. Here the fox had gone down the paved road and had given even the lead hounds the slip. Hounds were taken down the paved road for some little distance and again picked up the line, and were off to the east in the territory to which the hunt has never gone. By this time, the going had been long and hard and the majority of the field had deserted. After some waiting, Huntsman Thomas and Whip Welker elected to force their way through the brush to the east and suggested that those of the field remaining wait on the road. After some thirty minutes' waiting, Joint-Master Rochelle had to start in because of another appointment and left members Dan Whitaker and Claude Sutton, Sr., and Claude Sutton, Jr., waiting with the hope that the fox would double back and they might have the privilege of getting in behind him once again. Huntsman Thomas has not as yet made his report, so what happened will have to be part of another story.—T. V. R.

## Schedule Of Fixtures

### January 1—Through March 17

Saturday, January 13—Boren's Pasture (West Gate) 10:30 A. M.

Wednesday, January 17—Sedgefield Stables 3:00 P. M.

Saturday, January 20—Sedgefield Inn 10:30 A. M.

Wednesday, January 24—Sedgefield Stables 3:00 P. M.

Saturday, January 27—Hurt Farm 10:30 A. M. Annual Sedgefield Hunt cocktail party and dance Embassy Club—Plates \$5.00 each. Please send checks for reservations by Wednesday, Jan. 24, to the Secretary.

Wednesday, January 31—Sedgefield Stables 3:00 P. M.

Saturday, February 3—Adams' Farm 10:30 A. M.

Wednesday, February 7—Sedgefield Stables 3:00 P. M.

Saturday, February 10—Embassy Club 2:30 P. M. Followed by cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Coble for entire membership at Embassy Club 5:30 P. M.

Wednesday, February 14—Sedgefield Stables 3:00 P. M.

Saturday, February 17—Sedgefield Stables 2:00 P. M. Followed by cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Slane at their home for the entire membership 5:30 P. M.

Wednesday, February 21—Sedgefield Stables 3:00 P. M.

Saturday, February 24—Adams' Lake 10:30 A. M.

Wednesday, February 28—Sedgefield Stables 3:00 P. M.

Saturday, March 3—Sedgefield Inn (Note Change Of Time) 10:00 A. M.

Wednesday, March 7—Sedgefield Stables 3:30 P. M.

Saturday, March 10—Boren's Pasture (West Gate) 10:00 A. M.

Wednesday, March 14—Sedgefield Stables 3:30 P. M.

Saturday, March 17—Sedgefield Stables 2:00 P. M. Followed by cocktail party given by Joint-Master and Mrs. Earl N. Phillips, at their home, "Brightwell" for entire membership 5:30 P. M.

1945

## Montpelier STALLIONS

### ANNAPOLIS

Br. h., 1926

by Man o'War—Panoply  
Private Contract

### BATTLESHIP

Ch. h., 1927

by Man o'War—\*Quarantine  
Fee: \$600

Apply

Wm. J. Lucas  
Montpelier Station, Virginia

## Standing 1945 Season At

# ELLERSLIE FARM

Charlottesville, Virginia

## \*Princequillo

(Property of Prince Dimitri Djordjadze)

\$250 RETURN

### \*Princequillo...

Bay, 1940

Prince Rose.....	Rose Prince.....	*Prince Palatine Eglantine
	Indolence.....	Gay Crusader Barrier
Cosquilla.....	Papyrus.....	Tracery Miss Matty
	Quick Thought.....	White Eagle Mindful

\*Princequillo Won at 5½ Furlongs—\*Princequillo Won at 2 Miles—  
He Won in New Track Record Time—He Won \$96,550

His Female Line Is One of Winners and Producers of Stakes Winners—His Sire Was Leading Sire Abroad

\*PRINCEQUILLO, winner of \$96,550 at 2, 3, and 4, won at 5½ furlongs and on up to two miles.

His victories included the Saratoga Handicap (beating Bolingbroke and Shut Out and covering the 1½ miles in 2:01 4/5), the Saratoga Cup (setting new track record of 2:58 3/5 for 1½ miles, beating Bolingbroke and Dark Discovery), the Jockey Club Gold Cup (beating Fairy Manhurst, Bolingbroke), the Questionnaire Handicap (carrying top weight and equaling track record for 1½ miles, beating Lord Calvert, Trans-former, etc.), the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap (going 1 3/16 miles in 1:56 1/5 with top weight to beat Ramillies, Wait A Bit, etc.).

In the Whitney Stakes this season he was beaten one-half length by Devil Diver at level weights. Thus, the Whitney Stakes became his "hard luck" race since he lost the 1943 running of this event by a nose to Bolingbroke.

\*PRINCEQUILLO started his racing career at Saratoga where at 2 he won at 5½ and at 6 furlongs to begin a season in which he was unplaced only twice in 10 starts.

\*PRINCEQUILLO is a son of English-bred Prince Rose, an outstanding racer in Belgium and France and leading sire in Belgium in 1938. In Belgium, Prince Rose won four of seven starts at two, all of seven starts at three. At four he was undefeated in five starts, climaxing and ending his career in France in the Prix du President de la Republique.

\*PRINCEQUILLO'S dam, Cosquilla, won seven races in France, including Prix de Chantilly. His second dam, Quick Thought, was a winner and producer of six winners, including four stakes winners. The third dam, Mindful, unraced, produced five winners.

Applications To Be Made To

**A. B. HANCOCK**

PHONE 393

PARIS, KY.

## ELLERSLIE STALLIONS

Season of 1945

Charlottesville, Virginia

### FLARES.....

Bay, 1933

Gallant Fox.....	*Sir Galahad III
	Marguerite
Flambino.....	*Wrack
	*Flambette

FLARES was a winner of the Newmarket Stakes, Ormonde Plate, Burwell Stakes, Princess of Wales' Stakes, Dullingham Stakes, Lowther Stakes, Champion Stakes, and Ascot Gold Cup, also placing in other of England's best stakes races.  
His first crop produced 12 winners and his second crop, 9 winners. Two-year-old winners from his third crop are now racing. To November 1, 1944, his progeny have won \$42,850 in first monies only. He is the sire of Skytracer, winner 1944 Blue Grass Stakes, beating Broadcloth and others; Chop Chop, winner Endurance Handicap, \$25,000 added Empire City Handicap, placed in Ardsley Handicap, Classic Stakes and Tentee, winner Pimlico Nursery Stakes. Other winners have placed in stakes.

FEE—\$250 RETURN

### TINTAGEL.....

Bay, 1933

*Sir Galahad III.....	*Teddy
	Plucky Liege
Heloise.....	Friar Rock
	*Affection

TINTAGEL was the leading 2-year-old of his year, winner Belmont Futurity. His first crop produced 13 starters, of which 11 were winners, including CASTLERIDGE, Tinted Chick, Tell Me More, White Sea, and Eric Knight. Of 16 foals in his second crop, 2-year-olds of 1942, he has 14 winners, including which have won in three seasons, and the good winners Ambie Tint, Short Life, Gold Tint, Tindell, Tintler, Darby Doc, etc. His third crop, now 3-year-olds, has produced 7 winners out of 12 starters and 3 have placed. More than 50 per cent of TINTAGEL'S winners in his first three crops won as 2-year-olds. To date he has six 2-year-old winners, including Talmadge and Freddie's Pal. (four races each), Slight Edge, etc. To November 1, 1944, his progeny have won \$50,940 in first monies only.

FEE—\$250 RETURN

Return is for one year if mare does not prove in foal. Return to be claimed by December 1, 1945.

We reserve the right to reject any mare physically unfit

No responsibility is accepted for accidents or disease

Address

**A. B. HANCOCK**

CLAIBORNE STUD

PHONE 393

PARIS, KENTUCKY

**MOORE COUNTY HOUNDS**

(Photos Courtesy Conrad Shamel)



Moore County Hounds (Southern Pines, N. C.)—W. O. Moss, duration Master, leads out this pack which was organized in 1914 and recognized in 1920. The Master also hunts the hounds. Mrs. Moss, Whipper-In, follows the Master. D. W. Winkleman, the other Whipper-In, is not shown.



Hot on the trail—The Moore County hounds driving through the pine woods in the vicinity of Southern Pines. Jackson H. Boyd, now head of the Marine War Dog program at Camp LeJeune was formerly Master of this pack which consists of 20 couples.

# BALKONIAN



BALKONIAN, owned by Capt. C. M. Greer, Jr., of "Boxwood", Middleburg, Virginia, is one of the highest class, consistent middle-weight horses now showing. This son of BALKO-PAULA L., is also a top hunter.

## AT THE KILL



The kill—Moore County Hounds at the end of the hunt. The pack meets Tuesdays and Thursdays for fox hunts with a drag hunt scheduled for Saturdays. The uniformed head visible at the far right belongs to Delmar Twyman who, before the war, rode the good mare INKY to many hunter triumphs in the show rings of the East.

# Notes From Great Britain

By J. Fairfax-Blakeborough

## Hunting Parsons Can Adapt Themselves To People And Circumstances

"I'd rather be threshing corn on t' barn floor with a flail than topping-and-tailing tonnings a morning like this", said an old farm-worker we passed, busy in a turnip-field on a recent frosty morning. "I've used a flail, and it wasn't easy work," I replied. "You hadn't the knack," he said, and then added, "but it warmed you up, and you were under cover. Topping-and-tailing t o n n i n g s when there's snow and frost on 'em, makes ya gen a bit, 'specially when you've gotten to the age that your blood runs thin."

As I continued my ride I came across a hunting farmer who greeted me with "Noo! it's nobbut cold, and a thinnish wind; I doubt if it keeps like this it's stop what bit of hunting there is . . . But it's better than wet! On one of them real wet days we had I was forced to go into the village, and I dropped across the parson who said, "I doubt you're very wet." We were only a few yards from the public, and I answered him, "I'se very wet outside and despart dry inside—have you any good in your mind?" He didn't invite me, so I stood meself a pint. There was an old chap there, who knows everybody's business, and he telled me the parson was waiting for a bus to go to one of them meetings where the Rural Deans, Harchdeacons, and other big pots questions them to see if they're doing their job, and when they've given their answers, then the parsons all swop sarmons and gan yam. They say our parson niver gets a very good swop, but as for that I can't say."

Still speaking of parsons, I heard the other day of a hunting cleric—there are still a few left!—who went to take an afternoon service at an outlying church. It was a cold day, and he found the congregation (consisting of a few sporting farmers), sitting around the stove talking about horses, markets and other local affairs. He sat down amongst them and joined in the conversation, until the churchwarden remarked, "If we don't make a start it's going to be dark on us; so I'll give the bell a knoll or two while you gets into your preaching things." Parsons who can adapt themselves to circumstances and people in this way, and join with knowledge and understanding in their debates, are the type who draw and hold the countryman. Only quite recently I was struck by an old woman who said the vicar of her parish was "yan o' them comfortable sort what you can talk to either about your soul, or making a Christmas cake".

**Sad End of Terriers and Foxhounds**  
Many of us read with real sorrow of some game terriers in Wensleydale which followed a fox into a "pothole" and fell some thirty feet into a watery cavern below. This happened on the moors between Ingleborough and Casterton, and for some days heroic efforts were made to rescue them, and to get food to them. Expert quarrymen lent their aid, and attempts were made to get ropes around the dogs. All these efforts failed, although tons of rock were removed. Eventually, to put an end to inevitable suffering in store, the

terriers had to be shot—a sad business, but much more satisfactory than if they had been left to starve to death.

We have known no alternative with foxhounds, both on the Cumbrian Fells, and in old mine-workings on the Cleveland Hills. In the wild Cumbrian hill countries, and those hunted by the Cleveland and Bilsdale Hounds, we have known men to risk their lives in their efforts to rescue foxhounds which have followed foxes underground, and fallen into pits from which they could not climb, and in which they could be reached, if at all, only at great risk. The Staintondale Hounds hunt a strip of country around Filey which runs to the precipitous coast-line, and successive Masters have had sad experience of foxes being run to, and over the cliffs with hounds in such hot pursuit that they have either fallen over to their death on rocks hundreds of feet below, or have landed on to shelves ("binks") they call them in Cumberland), from which they could be reached only by someone being lowered by a rope. Happily there are on this coast men who every Spring used to collect guillemot eggs from the sides of these precipices, with the sea far below them. They are accustomed to dangling into eternity at the end of a rope, and have rescued many hounds which otherwise could not possibly have been reached.

### Veteran Trainers

In the test of "doyen" trainers, Mr. "Bob" Armstrong's record beats that of the Hon. George Lambton, who, the other day celebrated his 84th birthday. Although not as old as this, Armstrong began to train in Cumberland before he was 20. That would be about the year 1881. In 1888 he trained Dan Dancer to win the Ascot Stakes. He was still a jockey, indeed, I fancy he was the last flat race jockey who held a license to train under the Rules of Racing.

The Hon. George Lambton was born three years before the Middleham veteran, and had his first successful mount in 1880 on Pompeia, which he rode for quaint old Tom Green of Beverley. Mr. Lambton's career as an amateur rider practically came to an end through a bad fall at Sandown Park in 1892. It was thought he would never ride again but he had at least one mount afterwards. In 1893 he began to train for Lord Derby, so that Mr. "Bob" Armstrong had about ten years start in the anxious profession.

### Jockeys "Presents"

The two Beverley trainers of today—Capt. James C. Storie and W. Hammett—have both had considerable experience at the cross country game, for Hammett was a steeplechase jockey before he turned trainer, and Capt. Storie (who is also a veterinary surgeon), rode as an amateur almost as far back as I can remember. Indeed, so far back, that I fancy it was his coming up on the blind side of Capt. Percy Bewicke at Hexham, and beating him on the post, which so disgusted that great horseman that he rode no more. When, by the way, he gave up training a few years ago, he apparently entirely washed his hands of the Turf, for I have never since seen him on a racecourse.

Mr. Calverley Bewicke, of Close House, not far from Newcastle, is keeping alive the ancient Northumbrian family's turf connection. As to William Hammett, I can tell a story about him too. He rode for some "little man" at Carlisle, the horse fell, Hammett's face was very badly cut, but he remounted, streaming with blood, and won his race. He had to have some stitches put in when he got back to the weighing-room. The grateful owner felt he must make him a present, so gave him a sixpenny packet of cigarettes! Even that was better than a "present" Joe Thwaites once received. After riding the winner of a good race, the owner told Joe he would like to make him some acknowledgement, and asked him what he would like. "A pair of good field glasses", was the jockey's answer. "Then buy the best you can find to suit you, and send the account to me", said the owner. Joe did so, but as the ac-

count was never met by the owner Thwaites had eventually to send his own cheque. When he told me the story and showed me the glasses, he said, "There's one consolation, they are good ones; I took care about that!"

I am glad to hear from the well-known Scottish owner, Mr. James McLean, that his son George, who was recently badly wounded on the Continent, is going on well in hospital at Worcester. All Mr. McLean's sons are in the forces, so he; like many others, is living in a constant state of anxiety. What a long time Mr. McLean has been associated with sport. At one period he had trotters, when that sport was so popular in Scotland.

Continued on Page Twenty

## Woodland Farm

Red Bank, New Jersey

### KNAVE HIGH

Ches., 1934  
JACK HIGH—ALICE FOSTER,  
by \*PATAUD  
Has had 8 winners out of 11 starters. Among these the stake winners Pique, Royal Flush and the winners Susan's Trick, Exposed Card, Mighty Master, etc.

Fee—\$250 and Return

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COCKED HAT—UPTURN, by UPSET  
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## Stallions Standing 1945 Season At BENTON FARMS

Middleburg, Virginia

### SEA MARRIAGE (Property of Tall Tree Stable)

BAY HORSE, 1940—	Granville	Gallant Fox	*Sir Gallahad III
		Gravita	Marguerite
	Port Weather	The Porter	*Sarmatian
		Weather Love	Gravitate
			Sweep
			Ballet Girl
			Colin
			In The Sun

Considered one of the best looking horses on the track. SEA MARRIAGE started 21 times as a 2-year-old. Six times 1st—six times 2nd and three times 3rd. PORT WEATHER is the dam of the winners NOEL H., PERSONAGE, PORT WALES, WEATHERITE, SEA MARRIAGE and RIVER PORT.

### GALWAY (Property of Dr. Lewis H. Krashkin)

BAY HORSE, 1938—	*Sir Gallahad III	*Teddy	Ajax
		Plucky Liege	Rondeau
	Silver Lane	Jim Gaffney	*Spearmint
		*Medora	Concertina
			*Golden Garter
			Miss Maxim
			*Rabelais
			Mediant

SILVER LANE, stake winner, dam of 9 winners, including 2 stake winners.

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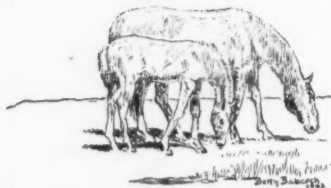
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# Horsemen's News-



## Hialeah Has Largest Collection Of Baby Racers In History

Shutdown of racing in this country last week found a third of the space in Hialeah Race Course's barns being used as a Thoroughbred nursery for the largest "cradle roll" in the track's history—a record collection of 368 baby horses who officially became two years of age January 1, although many are actually only 16 and 18 months old.

The size of the Hialeah kindergarten isn't surprising as owners and trainers have become keenly conscious the last few years of the benefits of wintering the youngsters in Florida. Like humans, the baby racers do better under Miami's magical sun. They can be exercised and schooled outside daily without fear of colds, coughs and other complications where the weather in the North is uncertain, and snow may keep the animals in the barns for weeks.

Calumet, Walter P. Chrysler, Greentree, Circle M., Wheatley, Darby Dan and other large racing establishments have shipped more and more yearlings every Fall to Hialeah until the colony this winter is 33 more than the previous high. Last year there were only 265 in the barns.

With the departure of eight juveniles belonging to Chrysler and the sale of several youngsters by Ray Bryson, Calumet Stable has the largest individual cradle roll. There are 18 baby Thoroughbreds at the track owned by Warren Wright. Chrysler had 19 before Trainer Bill Finnegan started moving the stable back to North Wales Stud at Warrenton, Virginia. Bryson shipped down 23 in the Fall from Maryland, but has disposed of almost half the number.

Fred W. Hooper, Florida construction man and the second largest buyer at yearling sales the last two summers, has 15 of the babies. Included is a son of \*Blenheim II named **Triumphal**, which is probably the highest-valued young Thoroughbred in the country. Hooper turned down a record offer of \$100,000 for the bay colt from Leslie Combs, who represents Elizabeth Arden of cosmetic fame.

Darby Dan has 15 of the 2-year-olds at Hialeah, Wheatley Stable 13 and Victor Emanuel an even dozen. Other large collections include: ten, P. A. B. Widener and Circle M. Ranch; nine, Cedar Farm; eight, Greentree, Bomar Stable and William Veeneman; seven, A. C. Ernst and C. M. Trotter; six, H. D. Ulmer, and five, Mrs. Lonnie Copenhaver, R. W. Collins, Mrs. Vera S. Bragg, A. F. Wall, A. Warner and Russell Firestone.

The size of Hialeah's horse nursery is exceeded only by the quality of the sires. All of the leading stallions of the country, both domestic and imported, are represented by sons and daughters. Among the im-

ported sires with offspring at the track are: Bahram, Mahmoud, Hypnotist II, Challenger II, Blenheim II, Isolator, Heliopolis, Bull Dog, Rhodes Scholar, Quatre Bras II, Boswell, Sir Gallahad III, Jacopo, Chrysler II, Sickle, and Cohort. Among the domestic stallions represented are: Bull Lea, Blue Larkspur, Snark, Burgoon King, Sun Teddy, Teddy's Comet, Psychic Bid, Menow, Johnstown, Jamestown, Stimulus, Grand Slam, Sickle, Roman, Cravat, Big Pebble, War Admiral, Lawrin, Calvacade, Milkman, Jean Valjean, Tiger, Agrarian, Roman, Discovery, Bold Venture, Granville, Reigh Count, Sir Damion, Questionnaire, Mr. Bones, Okapi, Stagehand and Apprehension.

### Six Foals

As foaling time for Thoroughbreds approaches, one is reminded of an odd record. The English mare, Swag, by Macheath—Booty, gave birth to six foals in one year. Early in 1905 she slipped twins; late that year she again gave premature birth to quadruplets, all fillies. Swag was grand dam of Ancey, winner of the Great Metropolitan Handicap in 1913.

## Whirlaway's First Foal

Whirlaway's first crop was scheduled to make its appearance in 1945 but on September 7, 1944, Mary V. foaled a colt by the recently retired leading money winner.

As it is the custom to test stallions for fertility before they have mares booked to them, the test was made with a Thoroughbred mare on the farm of Tilford Wilson. Mary V. is a daughter of High Time—Bal Masque, by \*Polymelian. She had never raced but was sold by the Himyar Stud for \$6,500 to the late Admiral Cary T. Grayson at Saratoga, and was later sold to Dixiana Farm. She is the dam of 9 winners, including the stakes winner **Woof**.

The mare was bred in October, the little Whirlly arrived in September and was promptly faced with the problem of being a yearling as of January 1, 1945 when he was really at the ripe old age of four months, and next year, he would be up against 2-year-olds when he would be one year and four months old. He is now properly registered with The Jockey Club and regardless of the difference in age, he is eligible to start with any of them.

As Dixiana Farm was one of the former owners of Mary V., Mr. Charles T. Fisher was much interested in her foal and was successful in purchasing it. Both Mary V. and her colt are at Dixiana and at the rate the youngster is growing, he is

making rapid strides toward catching the "older" yearlings.

Perhaps no better name for Whirlaway's first progeny could be selected than that which Mr. Fisher chose, **First Whirl**.

### Large Flamingo Flock

There are 449 flamingos in the famed flock at Hialeah Race Course, a recent survey reveals.

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## THE SWYNFORD LINE

"Unequalled in the History of Thoroughbred Breeding"

Swynford, 1907. St. Leger, etc., Leading sire in England 1923. Sire of the classic-winning fillies Ferry, Bettina, Keysoe, Tranquill, Saucy Sue, Udaipur.

### SWYNFORD, 1907

Sansovino, 1921. Derby.  
Sandwich, 1928. St. Leger.  
Jacopo, 1928. Leading 2yo in England.  
Jacola, 1935. A leading filly in U. S.

\*St. Germans. A top 3yo in England. Leading sire, U. S.  
Twenty Grand, 1928. \$261,790.  
Bold Venture, 1933. Ky. Derby, Preakness.  
Devil Diver, 1939. \$189,059.

\*Lancegaye, 1923. Stakes winner, England.  
Cavalcade, 1931. \$127,165.

\*Swift and Sure, 1923. Stakes winner, England.  
Swivel, 1930. A leading filly. \$74,955.

\*Challenger II, 1927. Stakes winner in England.  
Leading sire, 1940.  
CHALLENGER, 1936. \$334,660.  
PICTOR, 1937. \$111,410.  
VINCENTIVE, 1940.

Silurian, 1919. 3 times leading sire, Argentina.  
Simplon, 1925.  
Leonard, 1937. Famous champion in Peru.  
Solsticio, 1926.  
Shanghai, 1935. Argentina and Brazil.  
Sisnum, 1927. Gran Premio de Honor, Argentina.  
Picanlyen, 1937. Noted racer in Chile.

Blandford, 1919. Great sire in England.  
Trigo, 1926. Derby, St. Leger, Sire.

\*Blenheim II, 1927. Derby, etc. Leading sire.  
Hilltown, 1932.  
Vaidina Orphan, 1939. Top-class. \$79,715.  
Mahmoud, 1933. Derby, etc.  
Donatella, 1939. Top 2yo filly, Italy.  
Donatello II, 1934. Unbeaten Italian champion.  
Orestes, 1941. Leading English 2yo.  
Picture Play, 1941. 1,000 Guineas.  
Whirlaway, 1939. World's record, \$561,161.  
Thumbs Up, 1939. \$129,045.

\*Bahram, 1932. Unbeaten champion in England.  
Turkhan, 1937. Irish Derby, English St. Leger.  
Big Game, 1939. Best 2yo colt, England, 2,000 Guineas.

\*Isolator, 1933. \$78,270.

Bulandshar, 1929. Stakes winner, England.  
High Caste, 1936. Great racer, Australia.

Royal Dancer, 1929. Stakes winner, England.  
Ark Royal, 1939. Best of year, Brazil.

Windsor Lad, 1931. Derby, St. Leger, etc.  
Windsor Slipper, 1939. Best of year, Ireland.  
Happy Landings, 1941. 2nd best 2yo, England.

Brantome, 1931. Great racer, France.  
Fensbury, 1940. Best of year, France.

Badruddin, 1931. Stakes winner, England.  
Blackmoor, 1939. A leader in Uruguay.

Umidwar, 1931. Top-class in England. \$8,802.  
\*Uvira II, 1939. Irish Oaks, unbeaten at 3.  
Uji ji, 1939. Ascot Gold Cup.  
Norseman, 1940. High-class in France.

Fuils d'Amour, 1932. Successful sire, France.

Blandonian, 1933.  
Figaro, 1933. Top 3yo, Chile.

Baber Shah, 1933. Stakes winner, England.  
Monsalve, 1934. 2,000 Guineas equivalent, Argentina.

Pasch, 1935. 2,000 Guineas, \$19,030. (Dead).

### Imp.

## CHALLENGER II

Property of W. L. Brann

Leading sire of 2-year-old winners in 1944  
Fee \$1,500 — BOOK FULL

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## VINCENTIVE

BAY HORSE, 1940

PROPERTY OF W. L. BRANN

"Second Best Son of \*Challenger II"

\*Challenger II

VINCENTIVE

Phenomenon

Swynford

Sword Play

Scotch Broom

Dictation

Winner of the Maryland Futurity, eased up in record time of 1:11 2/5, fastest time over the course for a two-year-old; winner of the Dwyer Stakes; second in the Peter Pan Handicap; third in the Preakness and Pimlico Futurity, VINCENTIVE is a horse of brilliant speed and the highest class.

VINCENTIVE is a horse of excellent conformation and is a true representative of the Swynford line in appearance.

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# The Pennsylvania Horseman

By J. Robert McCullough

Some time ago we were jaunting through a neighboring state on business when we chanced upon a fellow horseman from the Keystone State. After a three-day search for a horse for a specific job he was at the rope's end. Outlining his requirements, he inquired if we knew where such an animal could be procured. To the inevitable question of whether he had looked around home he replied that he had not and that such an idea had not occurred to him.

Pennsylvania being such a large state with at least some horse activity in all of its 67 counties, it is difficult to know where to begin to look for a horse. Then too, in the neighboring states there are organizations who can usually send a buyer to the right place for the animal he seeks, which makes it more conducive for a prospective buyer to go there. In the case mentioned above, the gentleman had an unusually tough assignment to fill, and to this day we don't know whether he ever got a horse. The incident is mentioned to point out the difficulties heretofore encountered in endeavoring to buy horses in Pennsylvania.

The newly formed Pennsylvania Horseman's Association has put into effect a plan that should prove advantageous to horsemen from other states as well as the home grown variety. It has started a Central File of Salable Horses. The plan works like this: In each of the seven zones into which the state is divided there is maintained an active and live list of all salable horses, of all breeds and types, in that zone. This file is kept at the headquarters of the association in that zone where prospective buyers may call. The file includes all possible information about the horses listed and they are catalogued according to type and then sub-divided into price class ranges.

Let us suppose that a person is looking for a general purpose hunter. One that can go well to hounds and then hack quietly or show a bit between seasons. Such a person would usually know before hand how much he or she wishes to spend. For a point of illustration let us say between four and six hundred dollars. By consulting the Pennsylvania Horseman's Association files he will find perhaps eight or ten animals that meet his specifications on paper. (Many entries carry photographs too). From the file then he knows

just exactly where to see these animals and can either buy or reject them as suits his pleasure. The whole purpose of this system is to coordinate supply and demand or to get the right horse and the right customer together without the tedious search that eventually makes any horse look like a bum. Another nice feature of the system is the fact that it costs the buyer nothing whether he buys a horse or not. And since the Pennsylvania Horseman's Association is a non-profit organization it costs the seller less than half the usual agent's commission.

At the present writing one of the seven eventual files is in action with the second in the organizational stage. Further information or listing cards can be obtained by writing to The Pennsylvania Horseman's Association, P. O. Box 189, Wayne, Pennsylvania.

For our money this sounds like an excellent idea and it has also occurred to us that this organized system should stimulate interstate trade. With a greater turnover (greater than our breeding industry can supply) dealers, most notably, are going outside the state to keep their barns full. With an organized system such as this, people from outside the state may now be able to find horses to fill a specific order. It's a good thing all around.

Some time ago we did a biographical sketch of Richey Atkinson, that was at the time that Richey went into business for himself. Perhaps his many friends will be interested to know that he is now moving to larger and more complete quarters. In the next few weeks he will move lock, stock and barrel into '76 Farm' whose attributes have many times been eulogized in this department of The Chronicle. For the duration Dick will be busy enough with boarding and schooling, plus maintaining a few for sale. But he has stated that his post-war plans definitely include maintaining a stallion and a small band of brood mares. We think '76 Farm' and Dick Atkinson will do each other a lot of good.

## Clark On Job At Hialeah

President John C. Clark of Hialeah Race Course is on the scene at the track almost daily, although horse racing has been suspended in this country. Hialeah was scheduled to open January 17.

## Fountain of Youth

Perhaps there is something to the claim of the publicity department of the Hipodromo de las Americas in Mexico City, which points to the track's elevation of 7,500 feet and says it makes all horses feel and run like 2-year-olds. They could point to Annapolis Blue as an appropriate example.

The 7-year-old son of Blue Larkspur—Speed Boat, by Man o'War, was taken from the Saratoga yearling sales of 1938 by Louis B. Mayer for \$13,000. The colt didn't stand training and was sent to Mayer's farm where he spent four seasons at stud. Sent to Mexico with a draft of racers he was bought by former jockey George Ellis and resold to Ben E. Smith, the New Yorker who is the principal stockholder in the Hipodromo de las Americas. Bred to some Mexican mares last year Annapolis Blue was then put in training. He made his first trip to the post some weeks ago and defeated a field of maidens by five lengths in :59 seconds flat. Perhaps, however, the altitude hadn't as much to do with his victory as the weak caliber of his opposition and the fact that class will tell.

## Bishops' Horses

Bishops were once compelled by an act of Parliament to keep race horses. The odd statute, a ukase of Henry VIII, specified that the horse must be a 3-year-old or upward and fourteen hands tall—"every handful four inches of the standard"—which shows that Thoroughbreds of today have increased considerably in size, the average, today, being close to 16 hands.

## Treweryn Beagles

January, 1945

Hounds will meet at 3 P. M.:  
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Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Smith, Jr. invite the field to tea.  
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# LAUGH CLOWN

Ch. h., 1939

LAUGH CLOWN	CARUSO	POLYMELIAN
Ch. h., 1939		SWEET MUSIC
	CARICATURE	HIS MAJESTY
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LAUGH CLOWN, a brother to the stakes winner, Pagliacci (\$24,705), brother and half brother to four other winners is a colt of tremendous speed. He won his first and only start by eight lengths in the fall of his two-year-old year.

Because of his breeding, speed and general conformation his owner feels that he should have an opportunity in the stud.

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## Irish Horse Notes

By Nell C. Collins

Most of the big stud farms and breeding pastures of Ireland are located in a great central plain. Here are bred that world famous stout-hearted Irish hunter, and the speedy equally famous Irish Thoroughbred race horse.

This fertile stretch of pasture lands runs from Limerick and Tipperary up through the midlands to King's County, Queen's County, Kilkenny, Kildare, Westmeath and on past Dublin into Royal Meath, playground of the ancient Kings of Ireland but today known to the sporting fraternity of the world as Meath of the famous hunts.

This plateau is low, undulating and diversified by picturesque hills, valleys and streams that provide good obstacles for the hunts.

It is ringed by sheltering mountains, some rising to an altitude of over three thousand feet which is high for an island the size of Ireland.

Because of the shelter afforded by these mountains, the temperature of central Ireland rarely drops below 45 degrees.

In the short winter months the climate is mild and moist, consequently grass grows here all the year round.

Because of these climatic conditions the grass is verdant; it is so green, as a matter of fact, that the country has been known for centuries as the Emerald Isle. The subsoil for this grass is limestone, which is a bone builder.

So what the chlorophyll-charged grass, rich in vitamins, from the limestone land of Ireland does to Irish-bred horses has been demonstrated by the presentation of stakes, cups and ribbons to their owners on hunting fields, race tracks and trotting grounds throughout the world.

I have heard it said in America that the greatest difficulty experienced by American trainers with the Irish yearling and 2-year-old, or any age Irish horse for that matter, is to get his legs used to the dirt tracks after the green sward of his native Ireland.

The mating of Irish Thoroughbred sires with cart mares has produced a great hunting horse in Ireland. He has acquired the speed of the Thoroughbred, and the power and stamina of the dray horse.

The best hunters in America are bred on similar lines, and the nearer they approach the Irish hunter in big strong bone, the more highly prized they are.

The Irish hunter bred on these grass-lands of Ireland has for centuries been such a national asset that the supply is rarely equal to the demand for this type of horse.

Many horse authorities, particularly Irish sportsmen, claim that the Thoroughbred as we know him today was developed in Ireland long before the General Stud Book, first published in 1727, took Godolphin, Byerly Turk and the Arabian Darley under their wing and made them the ancestors of all Thoroughbred horses, and started to keep records of progeny.

Unfortunately our ancient Irish sporting forbears rarely kept records. They depended on their mental skill to remember the blood lines of their Thoroughbreds. As a matter of fact, today in Ireland many of

the old time grooms and stablehands can reel off from memory the ancestry of famous Irish sires quicker than you could read them out of the Stud Book, and if you want to insult them, refer them to the "bible of the horse-world". It seems much more feasible that the Thoroughbred should be a product of the arable pastures of Ireland rather than of the dried-up plains of the arid East.

From very early times Ireland traded hemp, rope, cotton and other commodities to the Mediterranean countries in exchange for livestock and wines.

The very early settlers of Ireland were Eastern agriculturalists, and under the Brehon Laws of Ireland of the second to the tenth centuries, all bills, court fines, etc., were paid for by the exchange of livestock.

The famous ancient manuscripts of Ireland, written by the early monks and still extant, refer to these methods of exchange. In the late thirteenth century a French knight on a visit to Ireland fell in love with a horse ridden by the then King of Leinster. The horse was traded to France in exchange for four hundred head of cattle. At that time the knight wrote that he had never in his life seen anything of the animal world go with such tremendous speed—not even a deer. He must have been a speedy horse when a knight of that period would write about him in such glowing terms.

With these early tradings it is entirely possible that Irishmen may have brought back with them from the East a sire or two whose later progeny may have developed considerable speed on the vitamins from those lush Irish pastures. Later, the off-spring from these speedy horses of Ireland may have found their way back again to the East to produce the three fore-mentioned supposedly blue-blooded and pure-blooded ancestors.

Incidentally the Irish ports of Limerick and Galway were considerably developed during these early tradings, before Ireland was conquered.

In my opinion Ireland deserves the appellation of "cradle of the horse" more than any country in the world.

Ireland! With its horsey jaunting cars, its verdant beauty, its rugged and picturesque landscape, its mountain, lough and moorland, its valleys and streams and good obstacles for the hunt, and above all its bracing air which is an invigorating to the huntsman as the best of tonics.

His many friends in America will be grieved to learn of the death of Mr. H. C. McNally, one of the renowned personalities of the Irish turf for a number of years.

"Mac," as he was affectionately referred to by trainer, owner, jockey and stable-lad, had his colors carried by many a good performer from time to time.

He owned Royal Danelli, who was only caught in the last couple of strides of the Grand National in 1938 by Battleship and beaten a head after running one of the most spectacular races ever seen at Aintree. On that day there were tears in

thousands of Irish eyes as they saw their beloved Royal Dan "nicked at the post" after putting up such a game fight to add to his owners laurels.

However, this stout-hearted noble horse went on to win some good races for Mac, including the Lancashire Chase at Manchester. In later months Mac's eyesight failed him, but he still ran his horses at the Dublin meets, and had the races described to him by friends.

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# MONMOUTH COUNTY HUNT

(Photos Courtesy Nancy Heller)



The meet at Upper Phalanx found Jimmy Reynolds, Nancy Berkman, Bruce Berkman, Jr., Marion Carry and Margaret Haskell hacking along the road.



Amory Haskell, M. F. H., and hounds as the field met at the Maisel Farm, Upper Phalanx.



Watching hounds draw, (left to right), Huntsman A. Smith, Mr. Haskell and Marion Carry.



Margaret Haskell leads the way over a bar on the Thompson farm.

## IN THE HUNTING FIELD



Mrs. Arthur White and daughter, Mrs. Newell J. Ward, Jr., both of Middleburg, Virginia, are dressed to the teeth and enjoying it. Both wear heavy Melton dark blue habits. Both wear flowers, emblematic of the Foxcroft School Thanksgiving Day Hunt.



(At right): Mrs. Laurens M. Hamilton, of Byrnely Farm, The Plains, Virginia, is here pictured properly turned out with Melton cloth habit, top hat, etc.



(At right): Mrs. Charles Sabin, of Middleburg, Virginia, was one of the finest ladies in Virginia across country. She is here turned out correctly, in Melton blue habit, derby and topped off with a white carnation, emblematic of some special day with hounds.

FRIDAY

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## A Legacy

Continued from Page Two

"The agent's name," said Chetland, "is Geoffrey Hardy; he sounded a good sort; though not too efficient. He was very much relieved at news about you, and told me that, although he had never met you, he almost felt as if he knew you, because Sir Herbert had talked about you to him a great deal. It seems—" he looked meaningfully at Jack—"that the old gentleman had intended to come down to your wedding; but the Doctor simply wouldn't hear of it, and told him that if he did undertake the journey he would do so at his own risk. He did send you a telegram—didn't you get it? I think, from what Hardy told me, that he hoped you and Alice would come up and see him."

"No," said Jack, "I never got that telegram. I wonder to what address he sent it. It would have made a lot of difference to me, if I HAD received it; I suppose it must have miscarried. But I'm glad to know that he sent it."

A motor met them at the station and with it came Mr. Hardy—a pleasant-looking man of about thirty. He introduced himself to Jack, who, in turn, presented him to Alice and also to his two friends; and then, leaving them in charge of old Bob Westcott, who had also come to the station, the Merediths got into their waiting motor and were whirled away. It was late in the afternoon when they finally turned into the gates of Northesk Park, just beyond the outskirts of the village. Another half-mile up the avenue, between long lines of horse-chestnut trees, brought them to the House itself. Hardy got out and rang the bell, and a minute later the door opened and a slight grey-haired man came down the steps to greet them.

"It's good to see you, Jack," he said,—"even on such a sad occasion as this. I wish you could have come before. It would have made me very happy to have seen you and the Squire together again, after so many years. I ventured to stay here just to greet you and to deliver to you myself a letter which my old friend, your Uncle, asked me to give you." Jack held out his hand.

"It's most kind of you to stay here to welcome us," he said. "Alice, this is my uncle's old friend, Mr. Smithwick." The solicitor bowed in his most courtly manner.

"Mrs. Meredith," he said, "it's a very great pleasure to greet you here. And now do come in," he added, "and let me make sure that you are comfortable, before I go away. Burton will attend to your luggage."

"I'm afraid we haven't much, Mr. Smithwick," said Alice. "You see, we came straight from Wales, where Jack and I were spending our honeymoon, on a salmon river, and we haven't got any clothes with us; though Jack has wired to his man to bring soem things on here."

Burton, the butler, who had been standing in the background, spoke.

"I had a wire from him this afternoon. He'll be here late tonight, Sir." Meredith turned.

"I didn't see you, Burton," he said. "How are you? You don't look a day older than when I saw you last; though it's a good many years."

"Too many, Mr. Jack; too many," the old servant said. "We all wished you could have come sooner. Would you like a glass of sherry, Madam?" he added. "Dinner will be ready in an hour, Sir."

"And I must take my leave," said

Smithwick, "but before I go, I must give you this letter—No, don't read it now, my boy," as Jack made as if to open it. "Wait until I have gone, and then sit down with your wife and read it quietly. It's of very great importance, and may come as a surprise to you. Goodnight, Mrs. Meredith, and again, welcome home to both of you."

When he had gone, Jack turned to the old butler. "Burton," he said, "when you bring that glass of sherry for Mrs. Meredith, bring one for me too. We'll be in the library. Come, Dear," he added, turning to his wife, "come in here with me where it's quiet, and let's see what Uncle Herbert had to say." They went in to the oak-panelled room and sat down before the fireplace. There was no fire; it was a warm evening, and the long windows looking out on the Park open. Jack broke the seal of the letter and began to read. It was dated at Northesk House, June 26th, and began:

"My dear boy:

"This is your wedding day. I had hoped to be with you today to have given you and the lady who is to be Mrs. Meredith my good wishes; but, for once, luck is against me and the Doctor says that I must not come.

"Your letter to me, which I received a few days ago, touched me deeply; for it was a fine letter and showed me that the boy I knew and loved had become a man. We have had many misunderstandings, Jack, and it has hurt me sorely that you have refused to come here and stay with me since your Father's death; for you are my only sister's only child, and to me, in your youth, you were like a son. But, like her, you are proud and easily wounded, and I know that my misunderstanding with your Father and my refusal to help him, made you very angry. I have watched you grow from a boy into a man. You never knew it; but I don't think there was any part of your career about which I was uninformed—even the last few years, when you have lived in the Blankshire country,—for I have very good friends who live there too, and I knew that your marriage to your old love in America would sweeten your nature,—as it has.

"So, I am writing to ask you if you will bring your bride here to see me, since I cannot come to see her; for there is something which I want to tell you both together.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"Herbert Mason."

"What a sweet letter," Alice said softly. "I wish I had known him."

"Wait a minute," he went on, "there's more here; there's a second sheet. Listen, this is dated the next day. It's just a few lines:

"The Doctor says I haven't long to live, and I'm afraid you and your Alice can't get here before I go to that beautiful grass country, where scent is always good, and there's never a blank day. I've left everything I've got to you. This place, this house, which has always been in our family, and the hounds, which have come down from father to son ever since the days of my great-grandfather. I know that you will carry them on well and hand them over to your son when you die. God bless you both."

Jack rose and walked over to the fireplace where his grandfather's portrait hung above the mantelpiece on which his hunting horn stood with many another which had seen service in the country. He looked up at the clean-shaven face, so like his own, smiling down at him.

"You were a great Huntsman, Sir," he said; "what do you say? Do you think I'm worthy to carry on the task which you and my Uncle have done so well?"

The silence was tense—and then as if in answer to his question the note of a hound came over the summer air from the kennels in the Park. First the high thin note of a single hound,

then another and another until the whole full-throated chorus swelled and the air seemed filled with it. Spellbound the lovers stood together at the open window and listened until the chorus diminished and finally died away as it had come and all was silent again.

Then Alice spoke—"You have your answer," she said.

Dinner that night was a happy meal. Burton served a bottle of the best Burgundy, a worthy accompaniment to the saddle of lamb from the Northesk flock, and afterward they drank some port which Jack told his wife had been laid down in the year in which he had been born. Later they sat alone in the library—the room which Jack told his wife Sir Herbert had always loved best, and discussed their plans for the future.

"How do you feel about it, Dear?" Jack asked. "You know it means leaving my little house at Hilton Green and all our good friends in the Blankshire country—I'm very fond of that little house," he added, "and I've had many a good day behind the Blankshire Hounds—one brought me a wife. But I think you will like this country up here. They're a grand lot of sportsmen—and women too," he went on. "You know you'll have a lot to do as the mistress of this house and wife of the Master; for I suppose I must consider myself a Master of Hounds after the Will is read tomorrow."

"Aren't you happy about it all?" the girl asked. "You've always wanted to have a pack of your own, haven't you? Though it always seemed to me that you were keener about horses than hounds, in the old days."

"I suppose I have changed somewhat," Jack answered. "I'm afraid I've got to admit the errors of my early days. I love a good horse and I love a good ride, but, as Bob Westcott always said, there's nothing like the glorious uncertainty of foxhunting, and you can't have foxhunting without hounds. I think that my experience in America taught me that there are few things more interesting than the breeding and hunting of a pack of foxhounds. Why—I've had many a good day with Bill Hefflin—that odd old Virginian, whom we used to hunt with from Leesburg—when we didn't even get a decent gallop; but, just to listen to that old man talk about his hounds and their various 'personal traits'—as he used to term them—was a treat. I learned a lot from Henry, too. Of course, he is quite mad on the subject of hounds, but when I saw what he had been able to do in his own country, which, as you know, is a very rough one, I came to the conclusion that there was more real satisfaction in hunting a rough country—what I suppose I might term a 'natural' country, like ours here—than there was in catering to a lot of hard-riding

thrusters, such as one sees in a fashionable grass country. I once belonged to that division myself, and I think I can realize the spirit in which those men approach foxhunting—they simply don't understand it—and I'm not so sure that, if I hadn't hunted in America, I should either. No man likes racing better than I do, and I suppose if one is rich, one can afford to play at both games; but I've never had a chance like this before, and from now on, I'm going to devote myself to building up a pack with which to show the very best sport possible IN THIS COUNTRY."

"Is it your idea to hunt hounds yourself?" she asked.

"Not at present. We've got a good Huntsman. Will Fowler has been here for twenty years, and he knows the country perfectly; but he's getting on and I think he would be only too happy if, another season, I were to take one of the two packs myself. I know the country fairly well—at least I used to ten years ago—but it is bound to have changed a lot and I think a year's experience riding over it and watching Will, would make a great deal of difference to me. Moreover, I've never hunted hounds, though I did whip in to the Beagles when I was at school. I've got a pretty good idea of the general procedure, but I don't think it would be fair to the country, or to myself, if I were to undertake to carry the horn this coming season."

"I think you are quite right, Dear," Alice replied. "I know that is exactly the way that Henry felt when he first started his pack at Sudbury. He sat back and watched old Bob Westcott for three seasons, before he undertook to hunt hounds himself. Well—it's been a long, hard day and I think we had better go to bed. There'll be a lot to do tomorrow. I'm so glad at the way things have turned out, Dear. I'm sure you're going to be very happy."

"I think we both are," he said.

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## Thoroughbreds

Continued From Page One

written us a few facts about the little stallion's stud career to date which are of such general interest that the liberty will be taken of quoting from his letter, tho' it was not written for publication, but for our own private information. He writes:

"A prominent horse owner asked me at Hollywood Park recently how I accounted for the fact that Seabiscuit's first two crops were not better and his third crop should be so outstanding, which gave me the idea to explain this situation to you as I did to him, although the chances are you recall the circumstances. However, here goes.

"The first year Seabiscuit was bred was the year he developed ankle trouble while training for the Santa Anita Handicap. We decided to give him practically a year's lay-off, so sent him to the ranch. By the time he got there most of the mares had already been bred. There were seven left which we gave to him.

"He got seven foals, one of which was killed as a yearling. Of the other six we trained four and all four won; namely, Sea Frolic, Sea Skipper, Sea Patrol, Sea Convoy.

"The next year was the one in which he won the Santa Anita Handicap, after which I debated for two or three weeks whether or not to retire him. Finally decided to do so, but of course that year he was later than ever getting to the ranch.

"We bred him to three mares, got three fillies, trained one and she is a winner: Dressed Up.

"This brings us to his present crop of two-year-olds.

"They represent his first full season in the stud when the mares were selected for him. There were twenty foals in this crop but on account of the help shortage we have only succeeded in breaking and training about a dozen of them. They all look like good horses and horses that will go on.

"As you probably know, four of his two-year-olds accounted for eight races during the thirty-four day meeting at Hollywood Park, one of them winning half of the Haggin Stake in the good time of 1:11 1/4 and two of the others running second and third in the other half of this stake.

"I am always optimistic, usually too much so;—about the future of our horses, but I really think I am justified in the belief that we have some real good three-year-olds coming up."

Mr. Howard's letter was written before the sudden suppression of racing by Government fiat. Had not this occurred, there was to have been an important 2-year-old stake, the most valuable one of the season on the Pacific Coast, run on December 30, the opening day at the great Santa Anita Meeting which had to be declared off. This was the California Breeders' Champion Stake, \$25,000 added and grossing well over \$30,000 in value.

For it those "hot" little Biscuits in the Howard stable were eligible and it was considered likely that either Sea Swallow or Mediterranean would be returned the winner. That the stable entry would have been the post favorite was the strong probability.

The longer one studies the possibilities of Seabiscuit as a sire the more favorably they must impress the unprejudiced horseman.

One of the grandest performers that the twentieth century has pro-

duced, an admirable individual and an unusually sure foal-getter, he is a Fair Play in tail-male through Hard Tack and Man o'War—and the Fair Play line is again in the ascendant, the leading sire of 1944 having been Chance Play, while that stallion's son Peace Chance stands third on the list—giving it two of the first three money-winning sires of the season.

Moreover, the dam of Seabiscuit, Swing On, by Whisk Broom, is bred in lines closely similar to those of Swinging, the dam of Equipose.

Swinging was by Broomstick and so was Whisk Broom. But over and above that, Seabiscuit's grandam, Balance, by Rabelais, was out of Balancoire 2d, by Meddler—and that mare was also the grandam of Equipose.

Considering this close maternal relationship, together with the phenomenal success of Equipose as a sire, it emphasizes the potential certainty of Seabiscuit's playing a similar role, given time and a proper opportunity.

## Oregon Horsemen

Continued From Page One

of state and county fair and racing associations, established hunt and riding clubs, or by the cooperation itself.

D. Establishment of breeders' awards for breeders of the winners of futurity, stake and other running events.

E. Encouraging the use of the Thoroughbred horse in the sport of polo.

F. Development of a library on the Thoroughbred and a constant educational program with regard to Thoroughbred horses both for members and the general public.

2. To purchase, sell, trade or lease stallions and mares, to conduct sales of Thoroughbred horses and to exhibit at state and county fairs.

3. To enter into contracts, agreements and or leases, or other form of legitimate enterprise at any time to the end that the above mentioned purposes can best be served.

4. For the horsemen in general publicity for all horses and encouragement to owners in the type of horsemanship in which they are most interested.

Obviously, the principles as set forth above are sound, but such must apply to every section of the state and representation and development of the industry throughout the state are tantamount to the success of the organization. To owners and breeders of Thoroughbred horses there is no question as to the need for such an organization. However, such an organization must be planned with an eye to the future, and that every horseman regardless of the type or kind of horse he owns, whether he rides the range, rodeo circuit, or hunt club show is potentially a Thoroughbred owner or breeder. Likewise, any person interested in horses but who is not an owner, or persons interested in publicity for all Oregon horses and the improvement of racing conditions for horses in the State or Oregon are potentially the breeders of the future. It is then also a part of the program of the association to encourage all horsemen in the type of horse peculiar to the sport or hobby to which he is most interested, believing that he will someday find a use for the Thoroughbred in his specific pursuit.

A quarterly magazine distributed free to all members, proposed yearling sales, an interesting and educational library are just a few of the many offerings already being prepared by the board of directors.

The president is Jack H. Beck, Eugene horseman who owns a stable and training track and also the stallion, Pharloch, one of the finest stallions in the Pacific Northwest. Vice-president, Frank E. Clark, Portland breeder and Secretary-treasurer, Jack L. Vanderkarr, Portland Thoroughbred owner.

The board of directors include Henry W. Collins, Portland, Chairman of Oregon Racing Commission; Harold W. Ray, Orenco, owner of the Hawthorne Stud and \*Mio D'Arrezzo; Eugene Pallette, Imnaha, motion picture star; Oswald West, Portland, ex-governor and attorney; C. A. "Shy" Huntington, Eugene, member of Oregon Racing Commission; Guy Barton, Klamath Falls, John Osburn, Gearhart; J. C. Clemens, Burns; T. W. Vandervert, Bend; Grant Conlee, Cove; W. I. Wallingford, Portland; and D. C. Moore, Portland.

Other sections of the country obviously will be represented since Thoroughbred breeding and raising is not particularly confined to the above mentioned areas. Associate memberships in the organization have been provided besides the Breeders' memberships and such are available for persons who are non-owners and those who have only a pecuniary interest in horses as well as Thoroughbred owners.

## Fasig-Tipton

Continued From Page One

Saratoga Racing Association.

Major Gilpin recently returned to his Kentmere Farm, Boyce, Virginia after retiring from the Army. He has been a consignor to the Saratoga yearling sales for about twenty-five years. The famous French sire, Teddy, was imported to this country by Major Gilpin and F. Wallis Armstrong, the New Jersey breeder and owner of Meadowview Farm. Mr. Armstrong sold the highest priced yearling at the 1944 Eastern sales, a filly by \*Easton.

Mr. LaBoyteaux owns the Thoroughbred nursery of Hop Creek Farm and is a familiar figure in the racing world. At his New Jersey farm he has Jack High and Teddy Weed while his \*Piping Rock stands at Stadacona Farm, Glyndon, Md.

In the late 1800's, the Fastig-Tipton Company began to operate. In 1902, the late E. J. Tranter went into partnership with Frank Kenny as an auctioneer of trotters. Their sale of the horses of the deceased J. Malcolm Forbes brought Mr. Tranter an offer of a partnership in the Fastig-Tipton Company. Through his new connections, the sale of the horses of the Rancho de Paso in 1905 was his first important assignment.

His desire to better the Thoroughbred sales and his business like manner made him one of the most prominent Thoroughbred auctioneers in this country. He was most successful until the ban on racing in New York State in 1910 caused the discontinuance of the sales in 1911 and 1912. Sheephead Bay was the place selected for the sales in 1913 and in 1916, Mr. Tranter bought out A. Tipton's interest in the company and became the sole owner.

His sales arena at Saratoga ranked second only to Tattersalls in England and he also constructed a plant at Lexington, Kentucky where the fall sales were conducted. Squadron A Armory in New York City was where the Old Glory Sales were conducted.

When Mr. Tranter died in 1938, Mrs. Katharine I. Tranter became president of the company. After a brilliant record in the sales ring, 1939 found the discontinuance of the Old Glory Sales and last year the Kentucky breeders organized the Breeders' Sales Company which bought the Lexington sales paddock from Mrs. Tranter.

Fastig-Tipton has had a good record since its inception and was the foremost Thoroughbred sales company in America. Saratoga, the scene of many a record breaking yearling sale under the sponsorship of Fastig-Tipton, will again witness sales when present war conditions no longer exist. When Saratoga again holds its meeting, which will mean the return of the yearling sales, many Kentucky breeders are expected to send their consignments to the East.

Complete plans have not been made but the company will hold the annual yearling sales in New York this coming August, the place to be stated later. The ultimate outcome of the present ban on racing will determine the location of the sales.

## Canadian Racing

Continued from Page One

vanning as the majority of horsemen keep their horses in the Bayview district. The bridgepaths of the Don Valley Association wind up the valley from the heart of the city and far out in many districts through North York Township, so hacking to shows is quite simple and these trails have been well used in the past for this purpose.

The Bayview Riding & Driving Club is planning to hold monthly shows through the winter in Major Clifford Sifton's arena which is located at Laurence and Bayview Avenues, only a stone's throw from city transportation and easily accessible for horses.

The Eglinton Branch of the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club held a meeting last week and appointed their own officers for a Junior Horse Show Committee. Jane Anne Rees was unanimously voted chairman with Brian Herbinson, secretary, and Doug Catto, treasurer. All the youngsters decided Michael Sifton was the only one for the publicity man. Jane Anne Rees, Venus Hood and Alan Butler form the program committee with Doug Hood and Jim Maunder to alternate as ring master, Larry Griffith is to be gateman.

It is the committee's intention to hold seasonal Junior shows open to all riders 18 years and under, with classes to favour each type of young sportsman, those owning their own, having hired horses, etc.

It was decided that boys and girls were to compete for ribbons with challenge cups offered in some classes and any donations made by kind well wishers, which formerly were used for the purchase of prizes, will be put into the fund for some war charity.

The children feel that they should hold these shows in order to raise as large a sum as possible for war charities rather than for their own fun, and so are putting a definite stress on publicity.

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## Philadelphia Meeting

Continued from Page One

breathless interest several great matches when the above men played the Westchester Polo Club in whose ranks were such polo immortals as Thomas Hitchcock, Sr., the Waterbury Brothers and Collier, the founder of Collier's Magazine. Philadelphia never afterwards had polo of such high class.

S. W. Groome was for many years the head of the famous Philadelphia City Troop and organized the Pennsylvania State Police. He did this as a public service as he was a wealthy man and made such a good job of it that the Pennsylvania State Police were considered as equal in efficiency to the famous Canadian Northwest Mounted.

The writer has no definite knowledge of Dr. Logan or Mr. Brown but O. Bowie was the ex-Governor of Maryland at that time and the Bowie track is named after him, I believe. As for Fairman Rogers, he was probably the best known sporting figure in America at that time and also had an international reputation because of his connections with polo, hunting and coaching in England and the continent.

There were two distance judges, a position made necessary when heats were run as was the case in the two-mile race at this meeting.

The Clerk of Course who, at that time, had the management of the meeting in his hands was J. D. Ferguson of the Maryland Jockey Club. The report of the meeting in the New York World states that everything was very well done.

The starter was W. M. Conner of the American Jockey Club. He was the best known starter of his time and got the horses away to very good starts in all the races.

According to the report in The World, "The racing far exceeded the expectation of all present. Not only were the fields good but the racing was well contested."

The opening event of the meeting was the Inaugural Stakes at one mile and a half with 26 subscribers of which 6 started. P. Lorrillard's James A, a 4-year-old, carrying 108 pounds was the favorite and won handily in 2 min. 42½ sec. with E. A. Clabaugh's Piccolo, a 5-year-old at 114 pounds second and O. Bowie's Ore Knob, a 4-year-old, at 108 pounds, third.

The second race, the Reform Stakes, was at one mile and a quarter for 3-year-old fillies and had 23 subscribers of which 8 started. The writer was interested to note that 4 of these were by the famous sire Leamington. This race was won by Governor Bowie's Mary with Lorrillard's Tigress, second and Lewis and Co.'s Lady Clipper, third. The time was 2 min. 17 sec.

The third race was for maidens of all ages at three-quarters of a mile and was won by Leamington 2nd with Durango second and Paladin third in 1 min. 17¼ sec. Six started.

The next race is interesting as it shows that even up to the year of the Centennial, some running races were run in heats. The fact that this is the only race on the card run in heats indicates that heat running races were not, much in favor at this time because prior to the Civil War all races on the card were run in heats.

Old customs die hard and it was but a few years until there was no more heat running races in this country. It may also be remarked that this heat race was at two miles and not at four, the big race of all

race meetings at least until 1850. Only three started and this small field probably is another sign of the disfavor in which heat running races were held. C. Cottrill's General Harney won both heats in 3 min. 40¾ sec. and 3 min. 42½ sec. respectively, thus scoring a victory for the deep South, as Mr. Cottrill was from Mobile.

The last race was especially interesting and proved the most exciting of the day. It was a one mile and a half steeplechase for gentlemen riders and the four that turned out for the race were all from that famous old club, Rose Tree. This race was won by C. H. Townsend's Rumme with Dr. Rush Heidekoper's Artaxerxes, second and C. E. Ashburner's Aubrey, third. Moncure Robinson's Jackson was a possible winner when he and Townsend came up to the last hurdle neck and neck but here misfortune befell Mr. Robinson as he broke a stirrup and bit the dust.

The above meeting was held at Suffolk Park, Point Breeze, in South Philadelphia and this track was in operation until racing was banned in Philadelphia. After that, it was used for harness racing and later for bicycle racing.

We are minded to quote an item from The World the day after the races as follows: "Our brethren in the bonds of sport at Philadelphia began their first meeting of this Centennial Year, under circumstances especially favorable. Apart from the victory of two of the direct descendants of Leamington, which gallant old race horse and begetter of race horses belongs to the city, there was a two-mile heat race of the highest order and a gentleman's steeplechase which attracted a full field and produced the best of sport. In the last essential respect, Philadelphia has decidedly the call over this, her sister city, for it is not so many days since a flat race for gentleman riders fell through at Jerome Park and this with our Polo Club to draw upon."

It is only fair to our New York sportsmen to state that the failure of such a race to fill must have been exceptional for we find that Townsend's Rumme, Heidekoper's Artaxerxes and Pandora, the late Henry Reed Hatfield's Orderly, horses owned and others ridden by J. Howard Lewis, Jr., still the dean of Erdenheim, Geo. D. Widener's estate all won at New York, with plenty of competition from many New York gentlemen riders.

This meeting was held in June and from the statement in The World to the effect that this was Philadelphia's FIRST meeting, it is presumed that another meeting was held in the fall as it was the custom for the various tracks to have two meetings each season.

## The Matchem Line

While a subaltern in Cavalry School in 1905, Alfred J. Day, English owner-trainer and writer on the Thoroughbred, recognized a favorite mount of his commander, Viscount Byng, as a Thoroughbred that once belonged to him. Day pointed out that this horse and another of his stock which Sir John French, later Earl of Ypres, had picked as an ideal charger were both of the Matchem line, noted for their substance, and descended from Oliver Cromwell's stallion, The White Turk, which is known in pedigree today as Place's White Turk, a Mr. Place having been the Lord Protector's stud manager.

## Jockey Club

Continued from Page One

come nationally and internationally important to the life of racing. With that recognition has come added responsibility and in the current period The Jockey Club will take all necessary steps to assure continuity until war conditions permit the end of the suspension.

"Functions of The Jockey Club are administrative and judicial. They include, of course, the licensing of trainers and jockeys, supervision of officials, registering of colors, and the maintenance of The Stud Book.

"The Jockey Club provides the centralized body through which the sport can register the breeding of horses in order to maintain a guard over the valuable blood lines from generation to generation. The Stud Book is the exclusive responsibility of The Jockey Club. It will be scrupulously maintained.

"The breeding bureau work will be continued. This plan started the Army Remount Service and if added assistance is needed in that quarter, it will be forthcoming."

The January Racing Calendar includes Handicapper John B. Campbell's appraisal of the 2-year-olds of 1944. This is the sixth annual summation, and those included would be eligible to start in the Experimental which, in previous years, has been staged some time during the Metropolitan Jockey Club's Spring meeting at Jamaica.

1944 lived up to the predictions, made early last Spring, that the juvenile crop would prove far above the average. During the previous year, Mr. Campbell found 101 worthy of inclusion in the Experimental list, while 129 performed sufficiently well during 1944 to earn ratings, which range from the 126 each assigned to Pavot, Walter M. Jeffords' eight-time winner and unbeaten colt and John Marsch's Free For All, who was the outstanding juvenile of the mid-West by his accounting for all of his five races, which included some of the most important fixtures in that area. Colonel C. V. Whitney's homebred Burg-El-Arab, although he started but twice, made his impression since he has been deemed next best, with 123, or three pounds better than the Bobanet Stable's Bobanet, W. M. Ziegler Jr.'s Esteem and the Calumet Farm's Pot O'Luck and Miss Gertrude Donovan's Fighting Don who drew 120 each.

E. R. Bradley's homebred filly, Busher, winner of the Matron, the Selima and the Adirondack, among other important races, was deemed best of her sex and drew 119, the same impost given such proved performers as Air Sailor, Floodtown and Polynesian.

The Experimental, in previous years, has been held important as a reference list—an official opinion as against the polls which are taken at the close of a season, and a handicap rating of the new three-year-olds for a six furlong race staged during early April.

## Go On With Schoolings

Although horse racing has been suspended in this country, the schooling of juveniles from the starting gate is being continued at Hialeah Race Course by a skeleton crew under Thomas Ryan, assistant to George Cassidy.

## Judge John Bowditch Is Greatly Impressed With Secor Farms Show

By John P. Bowditch

Saturday and Sunday, December 30 and 31, O'Malley Knott and I had the pleasure of judging a horse show at the above riding club—so well managed by Gordon Wright. I was stimulated by the keenness of the members and was so impressed with the thoroughness and soundness of Gordon Wright's ideas that I want to write about it for The Chronicle.

Gordon enlisted in the cavalry and had two years at Fort Riley, recently getting his discharge on account of his age. (No wonder they won't take me!). He did so well there and was so interested that he was made an instructor and as he says himself—he learned a lot.

As a result of this learning, he is now putting this knowledge to use in teaching his pupils, and holds regular classes on the anatomy, care and handling of horses, which is noticeably successful and so rarely done by riding schools.

With this instruction as a base, he is turning out real horsemen, not just riders, so they will know about anatomy, feet, and feeding, and common horse illnesses.

As I discussed this with Gordon, I was particularly interested to learn that the exaggerations we see and hear about the so called forward or army seat are not as taught at Riley or in the books. According to Gordon, they teach that the most forward position of the body is at the trot, and they recognize that in hunting and riding green horses the stirrups must be lengthened.

This seems to suit my way of thinking and such instructions as Gordon Wright is giving will keep understanding between old hunting guys like myself and the real army instruction. When you come right down to it, it's not much different in principal from riding a surf board at Waikiki. It's just keeping ahead of where the wave is breaking and not getting "left behind".

In my opinion, after the war we'll see a great increase in riding, in riding schools, new people and Gordon Wright is in an ideal position to handle these people and do it right. Best of all, he's so situated that he can take his best pupils out for a real day's hunting with some of the packs within reach. So they can see where it all applies, doing the real thing. More power to him.

## POTOMAC HUNT

Great Elm Farm, Rockville, Maryland. Established 1910. Recognized 1931.



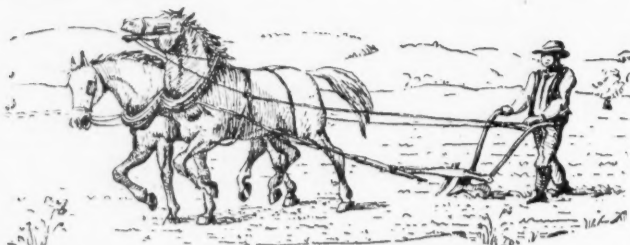
## Fixtures For January, 1945

Piney Spring Farm	13
Plummer's Corner	16
Heigh Ho	20
Great Elm Farm	23
The Glen	27
Travillah	30
Meet Time 1:45 P. M.	

Landowners are invited to hunt. Please close gates, replace bars and avoid stock. Keep off seeded and soft ground. Report all damage to Master. In case of inclement weather call Wis. 1868.

Col. H. H. Semmes and Ralph Counselman Joint M. F. H.; F. Moran McConihe Secretary.

# FARMING in WAR TIME



## Farm Machinery Care Necessary This Year

Farmers should not depend too much on getting new machinery in 1945, but should rather prepare for the next crop season by doing the same good job of caring for his equipment which he has done since the war.

There may not be enough machinery to meet farmers' needs in 1945. There will, however, be enough to take care of replacements, and repair parts should be pretty easily available.

It's time now to check every machine for needed repairs; then order repair parts at once. It's a good idea to put repairs on machines during the slack season and have everything ready for planting and harvesting.

Another job is to check the adjustments on all machines. And finally, if there are major repairs, arrangements should be made at service shops immediately.

As for the farm equipment supply, we can expect the greatest emphasis on labor saving machinery. Production for combines, side delivery rakes, pick-up hay balers, and other implements can be expected at about pre-war levels—for these help a lot to replace farm labor losses.

It's hoped that delivery of machines will be earlier this year. In 1944, a good bit of equipment got to farmers too late.

The chances of getting increased machinery production during the war are extremely small, unless the military situation clears up more than anyone looks for now.

## Labor Supply Down 10 To 20 Percent

The supply of farm labor in Virginia appears to be 10 to 20 percent below the supply on farms at this time last—at least in the counties where labor for farmers has been a critical item during the war. So reports H. L. Dunton, state supervisor of the emergency farm labor program.

Dunton fully expects the farm labor situation to be more acute in 1945 than it was last year. Farmers will have to plan their work even

more carefully, will have to practice more labor saving devices, swap more machinery, labor and the like.

Certainly they should set up early their plan of operation for the year so that they can be ready to meet labor needs ahead of time.

The fact that labor is 10 to 20 percent less this year is borne out in a survey Dunton recently made in various counties of the state.

## Get Seed, Fertilizer On Hand Immediately

Nineteen forty-five promises to be another year when the early bird will get the worm—the early bird being the wise farmer who orders both seed and fertilizer early.

Fertilizers, as you know, are expected to be in shorter supply this year than in 1944. The supply of alfalfa seed is short and although other seed supplies may be sufficient to meet needs, it's smart to get hold of seed immediately and have it on hand for the planting season.

The agronomists advise getting hybrid seed corn on hand right away. There may be enough to go around but it may take a lot of looking before you can find it if you wait till later in the spring.

After all, the difference between success and failure on the farm is often a matter of timeliness of operation. If seed and fertilizer aren't on hand early these days, you simply run the risk of operating late.

Red clover and soybean seed, by the way, are two others that might well be ordered right away.

As for fertilizers, heavy military demands have reduced the supply of sulphuric acid for making superphosphate. And the reduced supply of superphosphate will probably cut the amount of mixed fertilizers. Nitrogen supplies are also likely to be considerably less in 1945.

Keep on saving your waste fat. It's another way for the farm home to speed the progress of our armed forces.

Transportation and marketing facilities are likely to be the biggest bottlenecks farmers will have to break in 1945.

## MIDDLEBURG HUNT

Middleburg, Loudoun County, Virginia.  
Established 1906.  
Recognized 1908.



Saturday, December 23rd the meet was at Dr. Neal's and although it was a beautiful day overhead, the ground was as hard as concrete with many icy spots. Hounds were cast on Steptoe Mountain where a grey was soon found. After running him in the woods for awhile hounds got away and became lost. Huntsman Maddox and Whipper-in Nickols did not get them back to the kennels until well after dark.

The field consisted of Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Bidstrup, Mrs. Lindley, Mrs. Munhall, Miss Cindy Fred, Miss Mary Davy and Mr. Davy.

Tuesday, December 26th hounds met at the racetrack at twelve. It was warmer than it has been for some time but there was a very strong wind. Drew along the creek to Pole Cat Hill where the whole field viewed a red fox which got up only a few feet from the hounds. In a second he had lengthened his lead to yards and gave us as fast a run as is possible. After several big loops and circles he went into a den near Whitehall on the Fred farm. It was only about one-thirty but as the wind was so high Mr. Sands sent hounds in. It was a grand run.

In the field were Mrs. Bidstrup, Mrs. McMann, Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Bowyer, Mrs. Munhall, Miss Nannie and Miss Cindy Fred, Mr. Fred, Mr. James Skinner, Mr. Jack Skinner and several jockeys, Lt. Carlyle Cochran, Mr. Seipp and Mr. Kent Miller, W. M.

Laying flocks made up entirely of good, healthy pullets raised on clean ground and kept entirely away from older poultry are most likely to live and lay best.

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Established 1912.  
Recognized 1912.



## Hunting Appointments

Hounds will hunt every Wednesday and Saturday, weather permitting, until further notice. Time and place of fixture can be ascertained by telephoning the Club House, Peapack 62, the day before.

The Hunt Committee  
Richard V. N. Gambrill, Secretary

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## Acti

Your col these past the doings fornia. Tho day nights months, ag we had to humbly te members a Worth Sta We will t on!

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## Activities At Barbara Worth Stables

By Elizabeth T. Lassen

Your columnist has been very lax these past few weeks in reporting the doings around Sacramento, California. Those gala and festive "Tuesday nights" began again three months ago, but nary a word have we had to say about them, and we humbly tender our apology to the members and riders of the Barbara Worth Stables gang for our neglect. We will try to do better from now on!

There is no use in rehashing each and every Tuesday night session now, but at least the summary for the month should be included. The same old faces gathered around that first Tuesday in October, but there are a lot of new horses, and a lot of shifting around of owners of the old ones, giving a lightly different complexion to the winners' circle.

The winners for October were: in first place, that phenomenal **Billy Sunday**, Hazel Binder's big gray jumper, with a score of four straight wins, a stable record. It just doesn't look as though you can beat that **Billy**, or even make him fault. War stamps for second place went to Jo-Ann Repose's **Sir Granville**. There is a little horse that isn't often out of the money. Betty-Jean Lassen's recently acquired **Windsor** was good enough for third place, with Dorothy William's **Shenanigan** fourth, and Eva Taverna's **Wikid Storm** fifth.

November once again saw that delight of the audiences, the draw for horses, where no rider is allowed to ride a horse he has ever ridden before. It isn't hard to understand that **Billy Sunday** is the prize of the drawing this year, and the face of the lucky rider who draws his name out of the hat is always something to watch. The night George Richards drew him, the poor kid couldn't even speak, he just beamed and grinned so hard, no-one had to be told what horse he had drawn!

The war stamps for the exchange months are given to the riders, and young Jo-Ann Repose came out on top for November, with a very neat score. Eva Gene Dauger was in second place over Adrianna Hale, Jane Lovett, and Patty Lassen. There were really some excellent rides on these strange horses during the exchange month, with every one of the riders showing vast improvement from their summer's work. The last night of the month saw the astounding total of seven clean goes, and the class running into three and four exciting jump-offs before the winners were decided.

The holiday season didn't seem to make any difference in the turnout for December, in fact it was larger, if anything, with many of the younger children, home for vacation, taking part.

Back once again on their own horses, Barbara decided the riders and horses were getting far too good, and dreamed up a lot of new and tricky courses, which added much to the excitement, as well as the quality of jumping necessary. Two highlights are worthy of note. One is the appearance in the competition of our own Bert Brown. It has been a good many years since Bert last appeared in a show ring, or even on the back of a horse, but he decided, shucks, if the kids could do it, why couldn't he. So he brought

out good **Hut Sut**, and among cheers, wise-cracks, and many "helpful" suggestions from "Mama" Brown, took the courses with the rest. And by golla, if he didn't emerge the winner for the month! Nice going, Bert. Now we are looking forward to next month, when he will have to draw horses with the others! Will that ever be something?

The other highlight is the return to the ring of **Brown Jug**, that wonderful old jumper that has carried Charlie Zimmerman to so many blues in so many open jumper classes in the past. Who could ever forget, who has ever seen the pre-war shows, the combination of Charlie and **Jug** soaring over the really high ones—its one of the things that must go down in the annals of horseshow history.

So Eva Taverna decided that **Wikid Storm**, which has done so very well during the 1944 season, needed a rest, and Barbara has let her sponsor old **Jug** for a while. Eva is finding the old boy a really rugged ride, and everyone, including Eva herself, is getting a lot of fun out of it all. **Jug's** idea of jumping is slightly different from any other horse we have ever seen. He somehow or other manages to get right under the jump, bounce straight up in the air, and straight down again on the other side, giving an odd flip to his hind end in landing. Eva has landed on his ears, on his neck, and literally dangling from his shoulder, but she hasn't gone off, and she has mastered the art of riding him enough to place him fifth for the month.

Other winners for the month are: in second place, that spiky little **Wedding Cake**, Patsy Klein's new mare, who entered the competition for the first time this month, and certainly did all right for her young owner; Adrianna Hale's **Sabik** fourth, and Hazel Binder's **Billy Sunday** fourth. Bert Brown, after emerging the champion, swears "Mama" is going to have to buy him bigger shirts, cause he's popping off all the buttons on the old ones!

The audiences for these Tuesday nights are really getting to be something. Even on the coldest nights, the stands are full, and the bidding for horses gets hot and heavy. Frozen enthusiasts bundle themselves in cocoons of blankets, blow on their numb fingers, and settle down to thoroughly enjoy an exciting evening, nor could the cheeriest fire entice them to stay home. Ruth Dauger finds **Lanzar's** handsome yellow and white cooler a fetching costume for these events, as well as a comfortable one, and I predict we will all be buying new blankets for our horses, just so we may be properly attired and in the Tuesday night mode!

A prominent visitor, in October, was Marge Kessler of Burbank, well known to all California horse-show circles. Marge spent a week here with Barbara, and seemed to enjoy trying out all our horses. She even rode Jeanne Cannon's **Sir Frederick** in a Tuesday night. It was fun having her here, and we hope that she liked us enough to come back soon.

Lots of new horses at the stable. Your columnist cannot resist putting

first on the list her own acquisition, **Judas Priest**, lovely blue 3-year-old son of **Dear Herod—Judith**. Being neither the shape nor the size to ride herself, she has turned him over to daughter Patty, in appreciation of the fine job she has done with **Briar Mint**, and gets the thrill of her life every time she watches Patty school him. Then there is Mickey McLaughlin's handsome new chestnut, **Bomb Shell**, who is showing plenty of bounce. Those who have watched Mickey showing **Bivouac** will know what to expect when she really gets **Bomb Shell** going.

Agnes Bleth is now the owner of her beloved **G. I.**, and is doing better than ever with him now that he is her own. Eva Gene Dauger has matched her perfect strip horse **Lanzar** with the purchase of his team-mate, **Sandy George (George II—Rhapsody Ann)** and those two are going to be a tough job to beat on any hunting course. Young Barbara Mull, first of the newer crop of youngsters to own her own horse, has brought **Little Cap**, that trim, peppy little hunter who did so well at the shows last summer, and is progressing by leaps and bounds. (And we mean leaps and bounds—Barbara has her hands full, but is showing herself plenty equal to it, and a grand little sport.)

And last but not least, our pet-child and pride and joy, eleven-year-old Jo-Ann Repose has added to her good string. From Bay Meadows, Father Repose brought home **Judge Greenock**, son of the famous **Greenock**. And when Jo-Ann complained that all her horses were getting too quiet and too well-schooled to be any fun, she was given that peppery, fiery 4-year-old, **Gonna Storm (Storm—Easy Going, by Bank)** and we think he will keep her plenty busy for quite a while to come. She's had some pretty rugged falls already, but that only whets her enthusiasm, and she gets up again all the more determined to show him who is boss. A great youngster, Jo-Ann, and a great rider, one who isn't unknown now, but who is going to be one of the top ones before she gets through.

Lots of home-comers for the holidays. Of course, heading the list is our own Charlie Zimmerman, on furlough from Fort Riley. Its always grand to see him, and it always means a speeding up of the tempo around the stable, with everyone on his toes to show him how much he has improved since his last visit. We all got a thrill the night he took **Billy Sunday** and **Brown Jug** over the 5'-6" jumps, with all his old form and style. That man really knows how to ride! Then from Stanford came Jean Stout, and from the University of California, Jeanne Cannon, very much the young college women after their first semesters' completion, but just as able to ride **Marksman** and **Sir Frederic** as ever. And from their prep school in Colorado came Adrian Hale and Thierry Thys, to add to the festivities.

Christmas wasn't forgotten in all the equine excitement. Barbara and "Mama" Brown gave the most glorious dinner party for the whole gang the Tuesday before Christmas, with some eighty-three hungry riders and enthusiasts of all ages partaking of the home-grown roast beef and fixings. And after dinner, enjoying the Christmas tree, with a funny gift for everyone. It started the holidays off with a bang and a laugh.

And next on the calendar will be the second of the series of four Hunter Trials, on January 14 (wea-

### FRANKSTOWN HUNT

Altoona, Pennsylvania.  
Established 1933.  
Recognized 1938.



After a month of absolutely the rottenest hunting weather ever endured in the history of The Frankstown, we poke our noses through a foot and a half of ice and snow, take a sniff of a strange scent that we decide is fresh air, and pile out en masse for the Blessing of the Frankstown Hounds on New Year's Day.

Reverend Barnes of the First Lutheran Church of Altoona officiated, standing manfully in the blowing snow on the front lawn of the club house.

M. F. H. Fred Stormer stood with his staff and a field of fifteen, heads bared and bowed in sincere gratitude to The Number One Master who so quietly and graciously provides all the marvelous things that make the old heart hum and hammer and expand: big natural countries, ten couple of loud-mouthed hounds, lots of red-faced grinning men to follow the hounds around, plenty of fresh air traveling about sixty miles an hour, a good warm club house to crawl into when the day is done, and so forth and so forth.

Ladies and gentlemen, when all this fails to bring a response, gallop your hunter at the Almshouse Quarry and don't pull up . . . Your spirit has already preceded you.

Mr. Stormer thanked the minister very nicely for his kind offices, wheeled the hounds about-face across the frozen fields and into the timber about half a mile back of the club . . . One of the staff asked, "Are we really going hunting?" Mr. Stormer answered rather sourly, "Naw, I laid a short drag."

Hounds spoke at once and we go away south, the going even harder than it looked from the highway, the snow ranging in depth from fetlock to girth-deep. Hounds, however, travel easily over the crust, while we plunge along as we are able. The horses are keen, enjoying bucking the drifts, so we finally are able to lift the pack at Five Points and hack them along to the Almshouse Ridge . . . The going for the horses is not quite so hard here, the west wind taking some of the snow along to the east. Hounds have a wonderful run from there to Cassidy's Farm, where four and a quarter million crows are working on the two quarters of horse-meat that the Master had so thoughtfully provided for the hounds. And did those hounds break up that meat as well as that crowd-meeting!

We go then to that warm club house that was mentioned some while back, and, what to our wondering eyes should appear but Dr. Austin Lynn and Mrs. Lynn of Phillipsburg, with a hot stirrup-cut and the most succulent sauer-kraut and pork you ever did see . . . My-oh-my, did that fit right in. Everybody and all their kids were there . . . One supposes that this is the kind of thing that helped the ancient ceremony of the Blessing of the Hounds to become ancient.

The Lynns are very nice and very pleasant people. We wish they could be with us more often.—G. E. S.

ther permitting though it looks dubious!) And on February 18, the Barbara Worth Stables Spring Junior Show. Nineteen forty-four was a great season for all of us, but from all indications, 1945 is off to a rousing good start, and Barbara's gang are in for another happy, instructive, and exciting year.

# In The Country:-



## Remount Stallion

Sidney W. Glass, well known horseman from West Chester, Pennsylvania, has completed arrangements with the Remount to stand the stallion **Koodoo**, by **Court Day**—**Mayanel**, by **\*Lucillite** at his farm for the coming season. Mr. Glass has been on the lookout for a stallion for sometime but had been unable to find one to meet the necessary requirements.

## Pittsburgh Indoor Horse Show

The Pittsburgh indoor horse show will be held at the Hunt Armory, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, January 18, 19 and 20. Should anyone wish any information concerning the show, write to Miss Jane Flaccus, chairman, ring committee, 6590 Hamilton Avenue, Pittsburgh.

## \*Challenger II

To W. L. Brann's Glade Valley Farm, Walkersville, Maryland, goes the honor for the leading juvenile sire for races won. The progeny of **\*Challenger II** accounted for 15 victories in 1944. This number was out of a total of 31 recorded foals of 1942. **\*Challenger II**, by **Swynford**—**Sword Play**, by **Great Sport**, has two sons standing at stud in Kentucky, **Pictor** and **Challedon**. In 2nd place was the now deceased **Agrarian** whose offspring won 14 races. **Agrarian** had 38 foals recorded in 1942.

## Shipment

The Maryland Horse Breeders' Association is organizing a shipment of breeding stock from Baltimore to Kentucky to leave the latter part of the month. This offers an opportunity to breeders who wish to ship their mares to Kentucky and anyone interested should communicate with Humphrey Finney, Towson, Maryland, Telephone Towson 630.

## Discharged

Pvt. Louis Duffey returned to Mt. Olive Farm near Middleburg last week after over two years' in the army. Louis has an honorable discharge given him at Fort Meade, Maryland and with that paper on hand, will resume his farming operations. The two cocker spaniels, Reg and Gerry (named for the former Editors of The Chronicle, Reginald Smith and Gerald Webb), are busily engaged in showing Louis how they ran the farm while he was in the army.

## Back At Robinson

Private Morton "Cappy" Smith has returned to Fort Robinson, Nebraska after a 15-day leave. Cappy was formerly stationed at Front Royal Remount Depot, Front Royal, Virginia.

## On Leave

S/Sgt. Johnny Gayer was busy during the holidays with using up his leave from Fort Reno, Oklahoma. He and Charlie had been at Fort

Reno until Charlie shipped out for India. The last of this trio who had worked for the Harold Talbot prior to entering the service, George, is now addressed Somewhere in Europe.

## At The Front

One of our most congenial correspondents, Samuel J. Henry, writes that his son Robert Henry, formerly of The Morning Telegraph is in the big push with Lt.-Gen. George Patton "over yonder".

## Goldenwood

**Goldenwood**, 5-year-old Thoroughbred mare, which was a consistent winner over the Southern circuit last year, has been purchased by Mrs. Alan Robson, of West Chester, Pennsylvania, from Dr. Paul R. Mauldin, of Kennapolis, North Carolina.

This good going chestnut mare by **Golden Seal**—**Royal Sadie** highlighted a successful year by capturing the 3 and 4-year-old class at the Tide Water Show at Norfolk. In this winning effort she defeated **Substitution**, **Coral Sea**, **Portmaker** and other high class youngsters. **Goldenwood** was reserve hunter champion at Wilmington, champion at Winston-Salem, defeated **Cornish Hills** in the ladies' hunter class at Sedgfield, champion at Charlotte, reserve champion at Tazewell as well as at Lumberton and champion at Mt. Airy. The mare ended her 1944 campaign by being crowned reserved champion at the annual Christmas Day show at Pinehurst, North Carolina.

**Goldenwood** was schooled and shown throughout the year by Mrs. W. O. (Ginny) Moss of Southern Pines, North Carolina, who will continue to act as the mare's mentor.

## New Year's Eve

Commander Duncan Read, of the Atlanta Naval Air Station, was the guest of the North Fulton group, Atlanta, Georgia for a New Year's Eve ride and breakfast. Although the day started out very cloudy and with a misting rain it was not bad enough to dampen the spirits of any of the riders, and everyone turned out—at least in time for the breakfast.

After hacking for a couple of hours over several miles of beautiful trails everybody stopped in at the unique and charming home of the William Elsas' where genial Billy and gracious Eleanor thoroughly inculcated all the guests against any danger of colds from the dampness. **The Dolphin**, Billy's beautiful chestnut yearling colt by **Silverdale**, out of **Hail**, by **Thunderation**, was brought up to the patio so that everyone would have a chance to get a good look at him. This is the first colt of the hunter type ever bred in the Atlanta district, but if those to follow hope to be in his class they will surely have to shoot high. From the Elsas' there were twenty-one who went to Aunt Fanny's Cabin where breakfast was ready to be served, after which the group split into several smaller ones to go home and call it a very pleasant day.

## Still Going Cross Country

Mary Spencer Kimball, of Watertown, New York, former assistant riding instructor at Foxcroft, went well in Middleburg's Point-to-Point

last spring to win the ladies' race with **Play Toy**. "Kim" later joined a group of the American Red Cross for overseas duty and was next heard of from London. Maybe her riding cross country has given her experience which will prove helpful as she is now being transferred to Lt.-Gen. George Patton's Headquarters and she will really have to be on the move to keep up with that outfit.

## Great Britain Notes

Continued from Page Nine

### Trotting Records

That reminds me that recently I expressed the opinion that the claim made that **Lady R.** trotted three miles in 6 minutes, some seconds, was unsupportable, in view of the mile British trotting record being 2 min. 14½ secs., and the American record under two minutes. Mr. Tom Scullion of Ayr, whose family were in the very front rank of the trotting world, is a brother-in-law of the Ayr trainer, Mr. John McGuigan, who

writes to me, in response to queries I put:

I know a jockey well who served his time with Garrett Moore, (uncle to Frank Hartigan), and he used to ride flapping under the name of "Alf Webb". His real name was Fred Stares, and he rode a racehorse to pace **Lady R.** T. Scullion tells me that **Frank Dewey** was the fastest trotter he knew, but I reminded him that a mare called **Maud**, was credited with doing a mile in 1 min. 9 secs. There was no family in Britain knew more about trotters and pacers than the Scullions, and at various times they owned the best trotters in the country. Tom says he saw **Lady R.** go guideless several times in England and Ireland, paced by a galloper, and he believes she did cover 3 miles in 6 min. some secs. There was a stone erected to her memory at the Snipe Trotting Ground, Audonshaw, Manchester.

## Buy WAR BONDS

# Classified Ads

## FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Chestnut registered Thoroughbred mare, 5 years old, sound, 16 hands—has been hunted and jumps very well. Will sacrifice. Call or write **Henry Ernest Ketner**, 1030 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va. Phone 42127. 1-5 2t-c

FOR SALE—Model Hunter type, black gelding, by **Chief Flynn**, 7-8 bred 4-years-old, 16.2. Also 4-year-old, light weight, chestnut Thoroughbred mare, for child. Both with papers. **Joseph Luongo**, 39 Bulkeley Ave. Hartford, Conn. 1t-pa

FOR SALE—Barnsby Forward Seat saddle, size 17 1-2 inch, practically new. **Box CT, The Chronicle**, Berryville, Va. 1-12-2t-c

FOR SALE—Beautiful black mare, four white feet, 6 years old, 15.2 hands. Broken to ride and drive. Marvelous disposition and comfortable gaits. **Box CT, The Chronicle**, Berryville, Va. 1-12-2t-c

FOR SALE—Open Jumper. **Hi-De-Ho**, ch. g. 8 yrs., sound and good disposition. Consistent show winner. \$500. **Box HN, The Chronicle**, Berryville, Va. 1-12-2t-c

FOR SALE—Two English-made forward seat hunting saddles; excellent condition. **Write Box RTJ, The Chronicle**, Berryville, Va. 1-12-2t-c

FOR SALE—Two outstanding Open Jumpers, winners from coast to coast. Tops in any company. Also ten Shetland Ponies, safe for children, and one Anglo-Arab Stallion, registered in Jockey Club, with perfect conformation and blood lines from the desert and France. **Fred von Lombeck**, 1900 Clinton Avenue So., Rochester, New York. 1t-c

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred hunter by **Crack Brigade**. 7-year-old, 17 hands. Has hunted with Green Spring Hunt for several years. Guaranteed sound, quiet and a good jumper. **Thornton Farm**, Riderwood, Md. Phone evenings **Towson 1819**. 1t-c

## WANTED

WANTED—Couple for farm. Experienced man to care for hunters, woman to keep house and cook for bachelor who is away half of the time. Salary open, modern cottage near Washington. Phone Wisconsin 6667 Jan. 14 or 15, or write **Box GT, The Chronicle**, Berryville, Va. 1t-c

WANTED—White or colored groom. Must be of good character, sober and honest. **Box JF, The Chronicle**, Berryville, Va. 1t-c

WANTED—Couple, white or colored, on thirty acre place in Maryland about twenty miles from Baltimore. Man to take care of three horses and gardening. Wife to cook and do general household work. Two adults in family. References required. Reply to **Box WS., The Chronicle**, Berryville, Va. 1-12-3t-c

WANTED—Competent man to take full management of large Virginia farm. Must have business and executive ability as well as complete farming knowledge and experience. Permanent position and good salary for the right man. **Box HB, The Chronicle**, Berryville, Va. 1-12-7t-c

Gentleman desires steady position as manager, trainer, instructor at club, school or private stable. Capable, sober, reliable. Fine references. Specializes in "Dressage" for which he has diploma. Address **Edward Wulff, c/o W. F. Otton**, Jersey City 5, N. J. 1-12-3t-c

WORKING Farm Manager who has been in charge of 400-acre farm, caring for Purebred cattle, horses, hunters, hogs and sheep for the last 10 years, understands breeding, etc. Also the care and running of modern machinery. Life time experience. Honest and reliable. Married, no children. Above draft age. Can give good references. Desire situation in Maryland or Virginia. **Box GG, The Chronicle**, Berryville, Va. 1t-c

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